YOUR GLOBAL GUIDE TO TOMORROW'S SCENE

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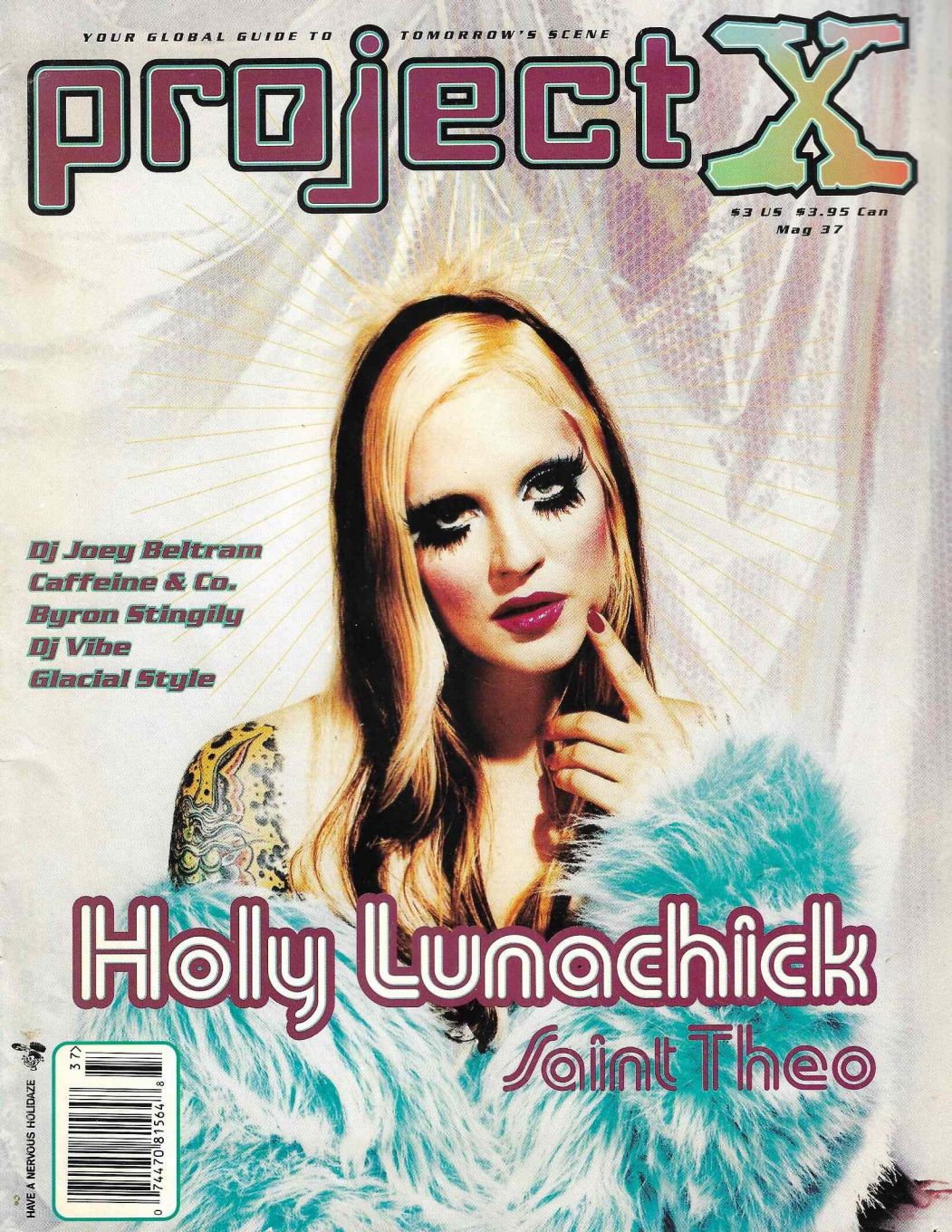
Mag 37



Dj Joey Beltram
Caffeine & Co.
Byron Stingily
Dj Vibe
Glacial Style

Holy Lunachick

Saint Theo

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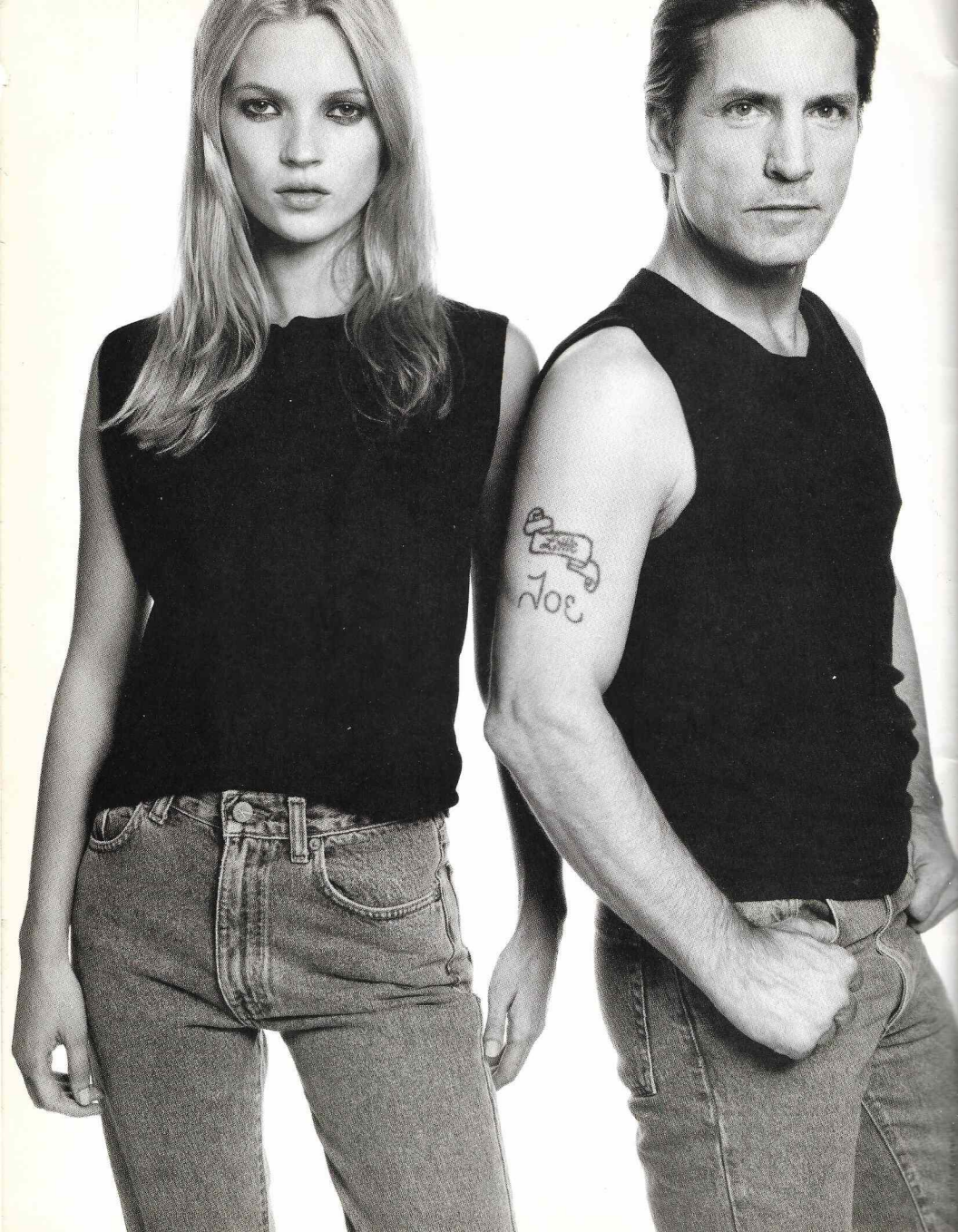
HAVE A NERVOUS HOLIDAZE



alvin Klein Jeans

saturday
december 9
1995
10pm-7am
1st to enter
21+ with I.D. to drink
PRODUCTIONS
FORMERLY SPECIAL K)
PRESENTS
philadelphia
deejays
live performance by san francisco's o.o.b.e. recording artist
astral matrix
new york's house legend
armand van helden
founder of formation records, from london england
dj ss
representing manchester's luvdup family of progressive house dj's
mark luvdup
from san francisco's famed "gathering" and "move" parties
josh
from los angeles' rampant records
doran chambers
denver, colorado's crowd pleaser
hipp-e
san francisco's house rocker
carlos
chi-town's finest
terry mullan
baltimore's most in-demand dj
scott henry
brooklyn born and bred
adam x
all the way from detroit, michigan
t-1000
philly's hometown boy
nigel richards
coming down from boston's underground
pete moss
representing d.c.'s 2 tuff family of junglists
slant
philly's original jungle king
long with mc's
karl k
special k boy #3
m formation records, london
arren g.
narayan
representing philly's home-grown soul
m philadelphia
lub 2
dozia
from n.y.c.'s honeycomb hideout
mighty mi
special k boy #4
john l
VALLEY FORGE
CONVENTION
CENTER
facts
e massive dance halls make up the east coast's largest dance event ever! No
enses spared to bring you this 100% legal event with amazing light/sound setups
uding centraks' full color lazer show and jerkyspacebodyopics phenomenal light
erience. Huge chillout area features a bazaar of wares from throughout the
rty. The three different sound setups (techno/trance, house, hip-hop/jungle)
be sure to draw you in. For those of the age (with I.D.), check out our
alcoholic bar (Open until 7am) in the hip-hop arena. For the full story, look
for the full color flyers at record stores & clubs near you.
tickets $25
tickets will be $25. To avoid long lines at the
r, and a $2 surcharge, we recommend purchasing
ets in advance. There will be a no-wait advance
e line for those holding pre-purchased tickets.
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New York City
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Sonic Groove(212)675-5284
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Slick 66 (203)887-5323
112 Main St.
Long Island
Special Sauce
(516)366-5720
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mail-order tickets and
other ticket info.
location
t will take place at the Valley Forge Convention Center, a 50,000 square foot
e just outside Philadelphia. Directions from major highways are below:
Philadelphia (Rt. 76 East):
the Schuylkill Expressway (Rt. 76 west to exit 26 (Mall Blvd.) Bear right at first light
Mall Blvd. Travel straight past lights, under overpass to next light. Turn left at
e. The convention center will begin your right. Entrance is below Sheraton Plaza.
Pennsylvania Turnpike (Rt. 276):
Turnpike to Exit 26 (Valley Forge). Immediately make first exit after the toll (Exit 26 Valley
e National Park). Proceed through 4 lights to First Avenue. The Convention Center will be
your right. Entrance is below Sheraton Plaza.
-95

project X 37

PROJECT X MAGAZINE ISSUE #37 HOLIDAY BUZZ

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On the Front Cover:	Cover saint Theo of the Lunachicks was photographed for Project X by Misa Martin. Styling by Johnna Davis. Hair and make up by Miss Guy. Special thanks to Walt Paper. Theo is wearing an electric blue fun fur coat by Daang Goodman for Tripp, NYC.
Corrections:	On last issue's cover (#36) Liv Tyler wore a suit by Daang Goodman for Tripp, NYC.
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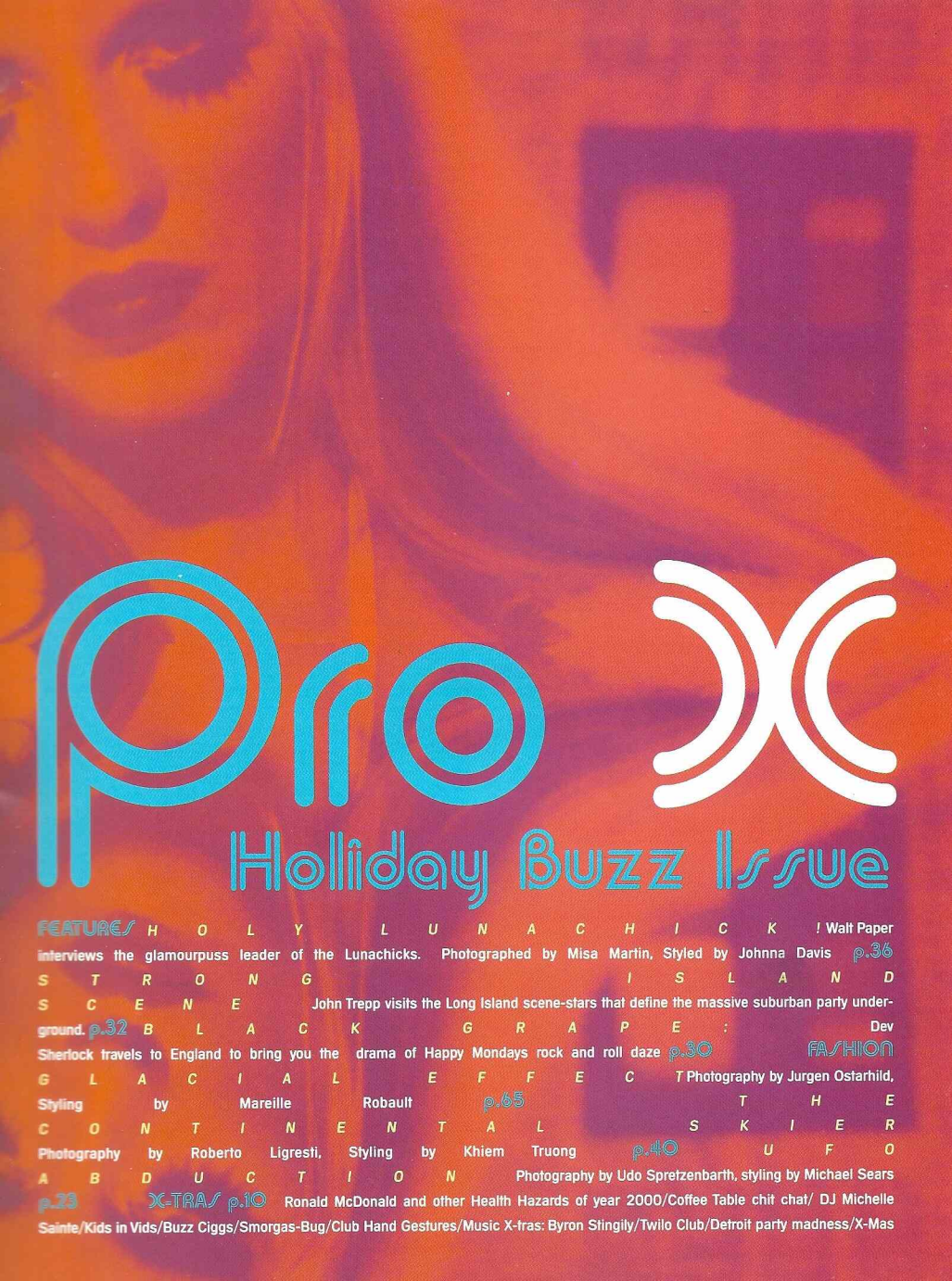


Pro X

Holiday Buzz Issue

FEATURES *HOLY LUNACHICK!* Walt Paper interviews the glamourpuss leader of the Lunachicks. Photographed by Misa Martin, Styled by Johnna Davis p.36

STRONG ISLAND SCENE John Trepp visits the Long Island scene-stars that define the massive suburban party underground. p.32

BLACK GRAPE: Dev Sherlock travels to England to bring you the drama of Happy Mondays rock and roll daze p.30

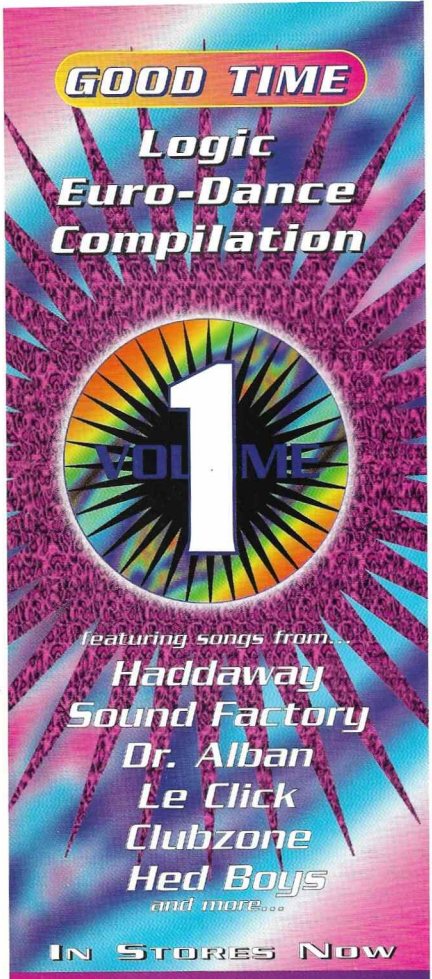
FASHION

GLACIAL EFFECT Photography by Jurgen Ostarhild, Styling by Mareille Robault p.65

THE CONTINENTAL SKIER Photography by Roberto Ligresti, Styling by Khiem Truong p.40

UFO ABDUCTION Photography by Udo Spretzenbarth, styling by Michael Sears p.33

X-TRAS p.10 Ronald McDonald and other Health Hazards of year 2000/Coffee Table chit chat/ DJ Michelle Sainte/Kids in Vids/Buzz Ciggs/Smorgas-Bug/Club Hand Gestures/Music X-tras: Byron Stingily/Twilo Club/Detroit party madness/X-Mas



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Letters 2 Pro X

Dear Project X

I am an exchange student from England, fifty miles north of London. I was a DJ back there playing a range of music happy hardcore to house to techno - depending on my audience. I've been part of the scene there for quite some time now and I have experienced quite a lot of different parties. I've been here for two months and just found your magazine with Superstar DJs on the cover. I have some magazines that I brought over and compared and I must say that it would be a lot better if the whole mag was in color. Mags from England have a lot more color, more page, so what's the problem? (But then, I don't know anything about the price of printing.) Also, could you explain what you call a "rave" scene over here? What music is played? Are they legal? What does the police around here do? In England, the Criminal Justice Bill of November 194 is getting stronger and coming into full effect and ruing our right to free parties. What was set to be the biggest free rave in England was wrecked by the police. People's sound systems were confiscated and everyone there was fined or slammed in prison. A very famous members-only club called Progress was raided recently. Unbelievable! Apart from that problem, the majority of clubs is pretty good, most have good water facilities, friendly security, very good atmosphere and a joyful crowd that's really up for it. And the clubs... for example, the Ministry of Sound renovation gave us a club with the world's first Digitally Processed sound system, THX Cinemas, Sony Playstation room, great ventilation - it's absolutely mad. Also, is there a hardcore scene here? Jungle/Drum+Bass is getting big, but the originator of Jungle is hardcore, and happy hardcore is massive in England where the crowds tend to be friendlier than at Jungle events, where the style of dancing is also very boring. Is Jungle getting big because it's new thing and everyone is jumping on the bandwagon, or are people actually liking it?

Peace, love + unity,
Kwok Ng, Atlanta

Dear Project X

Good earth's vibe and friendly salutations. Well, I just picked up my copy of your extra value issue. It's the first time I ever bought it. Pretty eerie. There is one thing that puzzles me: Why wasn't Donald Glaude listed in you "Superstar DJ" article? He's not only one of the most original DJs around, but he pulls lots of people to events and clubs. I just went to an event called Big Heart City just to see him. He's not only a killer DJ, but he's down with the scene and he's humble. Robbie Hardkiss was a good choice, but what about Graeme or Jeno? What about Tony, Josh and Julius Papp? All these DJs have made an incredible impact on the San Francisco rave scene even thought some of them haven't gone world-

wide. In the future, I'd like to see more S.F. scene coverage in your mag. I give mad props to N.Y. and London, but the S.F. bay area has a scene that's down and tries to keep the original feeling of family and love that started the scene. There are a lot of different production companies here, not a monopoly (like in NY). From all the events I've been to, no one has been busted or broken up by the law enforcement, not event the outdoor events. The main thing to remember is that the positive energy of the music will enlighten all who allow it to enter their being.

Peace and love,

Kirby, San Francisco

P.S. Mad props to Full Circle, Cool World, Organic, Communion, and the tribes. P.P.S. Whatever happened to Apha Team and A.S.F.?

Dear Editors

Great job with the Liv Tyler cover, although the career path she has chosen is slightly on the commercial side to be promoted by my favorite "underground" magazine. She can take all the dumb roles in Hollywood, but I'still have never seen a chiller chick than Liv. I just have one suggestion for her, stay the fuck off MTV and those made-for-video "Gen X" movies, and you might gain more respect. Meanwhile, she you autograph my cover of the mag?

-Kevin Teller, N.Y.C.

Dear Pro X,

I was introduced to the rave scene only recently and I feel like I found the missing part of my life. I'm writing to you from Clearwater, FL, where the local DJs like Brad Smith and DJ Huda reside. The club that I frequent is the Parthenon. Every Saturday night at about 3:00 a.m. until 8:00 a.m. the scene is packed with about 1500 people dancing and having a great time. I picked up your magazine and started reading about your "Superstar DJs". It's fascinating to read about the shows and clubs they've been to. I also love the variety of techno and house CDs (in the review section) to choose from. I'd like to say great job on the magazine and DJs like Keoki, Sven and Josh are the real heroes of the scene. Keep slammin' the phat beats fellas.

Clancy Miller, FL

Dear Project X

In last issue's club run section, drug-mess clubkid Michael Alig wrote about DJ Keoki and Marlon's break-up. Well, I just want to make it clear that the part about Marlon losing a pair of Armani glasses is bullshit. There were no glasses involved in the story. Marlon left because he wanted to break away from Keoki and all the dramas in clubland - get the story right before you talk shit, Alig! And Marlon is not "a forgotten shoe", he's much loved and respected in the scene. It's the self-titled "superstar" DJ Keoki who we all forgot about.

Peace,

Tommy, N.Y.C.

For us this is an opportunity to get all this stuff out that there really isn't room for on our own records" —Adam Clayton

"We wanted to make an album in six weeks" —Bono

"This album doesn't sound like anything you'd expect from either of us" —Brian Eno

PASSENGERS: ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACKS 1

14 SOUNDTRACKS FOR FILMS

MUSIC BY: BRIAN ENO, BONO, ADAM CLAYTON, THE EDGE, LARRY MULLEN JNR.

AND FEATURING EXTRA PASSENGERS

LUCIANO PAVAROTTI, HOWIE B, HOLI

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NERVOUS ROLLS INTO '96

on NERVOUS

BYRON STINGILY "DON'T FALL IN LOVE" produced by David Morales
b/w **"I'M WITCHA BABY"** produced by Mike Dunn.
JAY WILLIAMS "LOOK ME UP" remix by Junior Vasquez.
KIM ENGLISH "THE LOOK IN YOUR EYES"
produced by Byron Stingily and Mike Dunn.
NU YORICAN SOUL – **"MIND FLUID"** produced by Masters At Work.
BLACK PHUNK – **"SOUL DANCE"** produced by Derek Jenkins & Crew,
the same people who brought you **"RUFFNECK"** featuring YAHVAN.
N-SYNC "CLOSE THE DOOR" house version of the
classic Teddy Pendergrass track, produced by B.O.P.

on SORTED

WINX "HYPNOTIZIN" the follow-up to the worldwide smash
"DON'T LAUGH" -from the forthcoming debut album.
PROGRESSION "PROGRESS INTO OUR FUTURE - THE ALBUM"
available on CD and double vinyl LP.
M-FIVE FEATURING BRAD RAKER "SANCTUARY" the follow-up to **"LIFT ME UP."**
ACID COWBOYS "WIMMIN" produced by Jazzy Nice and Mitch Moses.

on WRECK

BROADWAY "MUST STAY PAID" produced by KRS-ONE.
FUNKMASTER FLEX – the debut album, title **TBA.**
SMIF-N-WESSUN – new album, **TBA.**

on WEEDED

MAD LION – new album, title **TBA**, to be produced by KRS-ONE.
LADY APACHE – the debut album, to be produced by Mad Lion.

on STRAPPED

RUSTY KILLA PRODUCTIONS "REALITY CHECK"
produced by Shazam X and Kenny Dope.

on NERVOUS CHILL

JULIUS PAPP PRESENTS CUEBALL VOLUMES 1 & 2.

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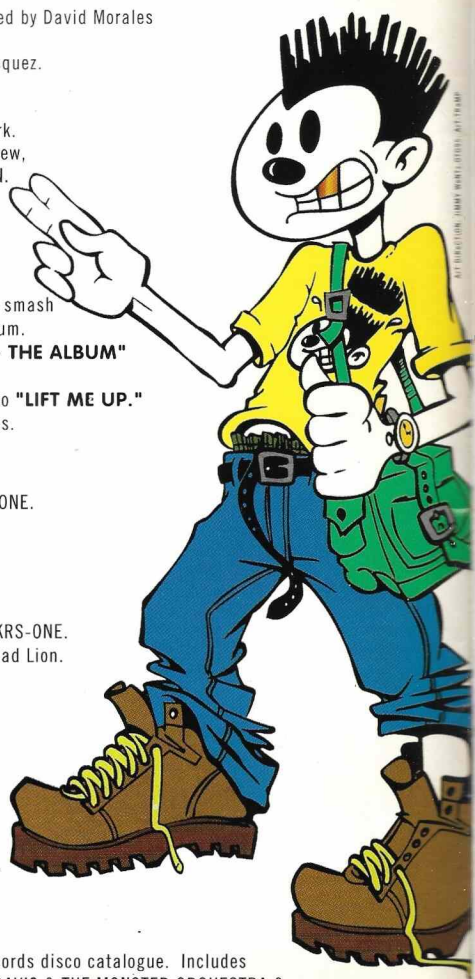


NERVOUS INC. 1501 Broadway / Suite 1314B / New York, NY 10036 USA / Phone:212-730-7160 Fax:212-730-7210

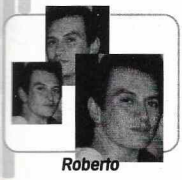
Who the hell are these people?

Rather than take this opportunity to finally squelch the dastardly rumors that this magazine is really just written by one person, we have decided to fan the flames of controversy by suggesting that these allegations might be true. That's right, Project X might be a conspiracy of one! So we invite our readers to figure it out for themselves and consider the many possible faces of the One-derful Wizard of Project X magazine:

Julie & Mike

Afshin (Yeah!)

Johanna



Roberto

Ernie & Bob

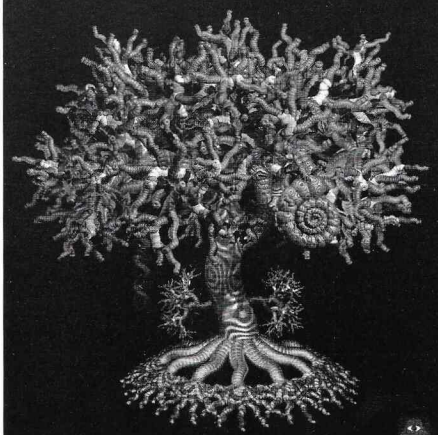
Julie Jewels is Editor in Chief and in her spare time - when she's not bossing people around - she likes to fix her makeup in her reflection in the computer monitor. *Mike Weiss* is a Contributing Writer who writes our soap opera *Life Story* and on the side, he's the President of Nervous Records, which is even a more dramatic soap opera. *Afshin*, our Music Editor, and his friends (like contributing writer *David Waxman*) like to argue endlessly about the difference between Jungle, Trip Hop, and Dub. Don't ask... Contributor *Johanna Logan* is a recent FIT graduate and her favorite color is baby blue. She has blonde hair and blue eyes and speaks German, so we almost lost her when she spent last summer in Berlin. *James Lee* is our office manager and #1 model. In the career-juggling 90s, he stuffs envelopes between fashion shoots. *Darren Ressler* writes many of our music articles and he has a snail collection in Staten Island. *Montgomery Frazier* is our Fashion Director. He never comes to the office because he's in charge of all the cocktail parties and air-kissing the fashion people. His fave quote, "Hangovers are always in style." *Roberto Ligresti* is an on-staff photographer. He is a mysterious Italian of questionable background who has shot Traci Lords, Milla, and Moby for Project X, and Lorenzo, Giovanni, and Pietro for the Mafia (just kidding). *Ernie Glam* is the Advertising Director and writer. If he's not trying to sell you an ad, he'll try to sell you some swampland in Florida; or he'll write an X-tra and make it sound fabulous. *Khiem Truong* is an investment banker by day and a contributing writer by night. He's the psychotic voice of Project X. As for everyone else on our staff, we'll you'll have to read about them in our next issue...

Where is Eschaton?

SHAMEN

THE SHAMEN | AXIS MUTATIS

The new album featuring the hit single, "Destination Eschaton."



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Produced by The Shamen.

Nemeton @ http://www.drci.co.uk/drci/shamen

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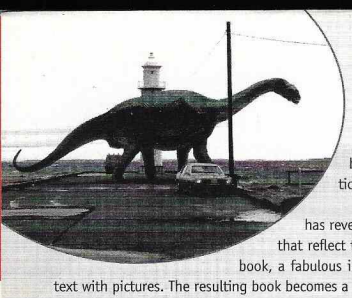


Dinosaur vs. Dinosaur

Have you ever considered how people use coffee tables? These low tables are usually set in living rooms or lounges between a sofa and a TV, or they are surrounded by chairs, as is the case in the glamorous Project X headquarters. The question is: Does anyone really use them for coffee?

Apparently not. A brief poll of our terminally sophisticated friends has revealed that coffee tables are actually free-standing, multi-media forums that reflect the style and personality of their owners. Enter the coffee table art book, a fabulous invention that eliminates the dreary chore of reading by replacing text with pictures. The resulting book becomes a lifestyle statement that can proudly be displayed on a coffee table so that everyone can admire your cultural awareness, much like wearing a red ribbon on your lapel.

With that in mind, one of our current fave art books is Dinopix by Teruhisa Tajima, a photographer and digital designer who has injected whimsy and humor into the tired subject of dinosaurs. With kitschy pictures of a Pentaceratops crossing a traffic-clogged road and a Camarasaurus by Lake Ontario, this photographer has created a surreal, modern-day world in which dinosaurs co-exist with human civilization. The best picture is of a flying reptile gliding over a mall in West Los Angeles; it's superbly ridiculous!

Strange Ritual is a new book by a dinosaur of an entirely different species. Its author, David Byrne, is best known for his work with Talking Heads, a band he co-founded in 1975, and with whom he has recorded ten albums. His first picture book documents a global search for weirdness. With an eye for the bizarre, Byrne's photographs range from the wildly outrageous to the ordinary-yet-strange. Whether it's a store's window display of miniature angels for sale, an arrangement of tacky furniture, or a museum exhibit of the gilded and bejeweled bones of dead saints, the book constantly challenges you to either ponder the motivations of the people who create such things, or just laugh. So pick it up and enjoy a tour of mondo Earth. *- E.G.*

The Gospel According to DJ Michele Sainte

"When I was in fifth grade, I bought disco records to school to DJ during recess. I was always a vinyl freak, and we had a record player in our classroom. All the girls would disco dance, and the boys would watch." Not exactly a conventional way to start, but for Michele Sainte, elementary school antics led to much bigger things. Holding her own in a male-dominated profession, Michele DJs at clubs and raves in the East Coast, and opened for 808 State during parts of their "Gorgeous" tour. Project X, met up with her at Primary Productions' Green Rave in Boston.

Pro X: How did you get started as a DJ?

Michele Sainte: Well, when I was in college I worked at a radio station, playing underground stuff but not really techno yet. Then later, I worked at a record store that sold records to clubs. One day the club owner asked me if I wanted to DJ there. I really didn't know anything about beat mixing or matching or all that fun stuff, but I pretty much taught myself, and then spun at my first rave in '92. Now, after five years of doing regular nights at clubs, I do mostly one-off raves in the area.

Pro X: What do you think makes a good DJ?

MS: I used to think it was technically what you could do with the equipment... once you mastered, it that said everything. But Robbie Hardkiss said something the other day that's true: "Its the content of your set, what you're playing, is the most important." I think technically you can be a whiz kid, but you can just lose people if you can't read them. You have to almost be psychic, and figure out what's up with people and tap into their vibe.

Pro X: As a female DJ in a male dominated profession, what has been the most discouraging thing for you?

MS: People not taking me seriously, people noticing that I'm a female before a DJ. It's kind of backwards, and you get judged on another scale. People will say, 'You're pretty good for a girl,' and they don't realize how insulting that is. But the girl DJs kind of stick together. We go through the same things with people in the industry, and we compare notes and try to support each other. Also, someone who's been very supportive, even though he's not a girl, is Lenny Dee. Respect to Lenny for helping me out and advising me.

Pro X: What's up now for your scene and for yourself?

MS: Working with 808 State really inspired me to produce my own music. I've always wanted to produce dance music, but I definitely won't give up DJing. As for the rave scene, when it hit the mainstream a couple years ago, I thought it was over. I mean, Macy's had a rave! A lot of people pushed back into the underground, and now its here to stay.

- Lisa Gerson

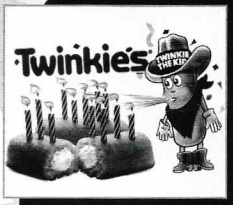
Kids in Vids

Do your marketable skills seem weak in the competitive job market? Is your only god-given talent include lypsinking and/or working it in front of the camera? Can you do anything else other than look good at an afterhours in your self-assembled attire? Only ten years ago, an individual with these skills (or the lack thereof) is doomed to spend their life in an empty refrigerator box, or in L.A. one would have to turn to "escorting".

photographed by John Marc Sorum

The money would be good, but what about the fame? Charley Sheen can't sleep with everyone! Since the dawn of the video music age, talentless trendies can now find work they can be proud of - being a video extra - and it can lead to big things. Just look at Alicia Silverstone or last issue's covergirl Liv Tyler. Believe it or not, they were both catapulted into stardom by one crappy Aerosmith video. My friend Sid (pictures here) has experienced this first hand: First, you get spotted in a club by some dorkey casting director, get paid to show up as you are, and collect dough for hanging out on the set of a music video with an artist who is either too ugly, not cool enough, or doesn't have any friends. You just act like you're all that in front of a camera and get paid between $75 and $200 a day. You get to meet other freaks like yourself and you get all the fruit, hummice, and Hor d'oeuvres you can handle. Sid is a professional extra who has appeared in videos ranging from Lemmonheads to Alanis Morrisette to Deee Lite to George Michael. He saved a nice little egg nest from videos and a small part in that awful movie Kids. Sound fabulous? There's a downside - Sid gets harassed by locals and wannabes at various raves and clubs. But that's the price of fame! If you're wondering how one can get started in this stimulating new field, just continue hanging out at your local trendy night spot and they'll seek you out. Of course geography plays a big part too. For example, in L.A. you may end up in a Janet Jackson video, but in Tennessee, you may find yourself doing the electric slide with other cow people in the latest Billy Ray Cyrus vid. Then the cable movie types start knocking at your door, then you become too hagged out to continue your new glam lifestyle and write a book. You can start off like this..."All I had was a G.E.D. and a dream..." And remember, you're never an "extra", always a "video artist".

Wanted: Dead or Fat-Free



Forget Joe Camel, The Marlboro man, and Tanqueray's Mr. Jenkins - an unholy trinity that is currently at the top of the Surgeon General's list of most wanted menaces. These fictional guys, who are have been turned by Madison Avenue into stylish product-endorsering celebrities, have now become the cause of serious problems for the governing health-watch authorities. It seems that after centuries' norms of smoking a pack-a-day and drinking a bottle of gin before lunch, the nineties health officials are suddenly concerned with health risks and side effects. Well if alcohol and tobacco industies are feeling the pain today, Project X predicts that in the near future, health fascism will get so completely out of control that many familiar consumer products will be wiped out and labeled dangerous. In fact, many of the American Pop icons will be knocked from their pedestals and reviled as the true public health outlaws that they've probably always been. Don't be surprised if the year 2020's list of Ten Most Wanted Killers includes:

Ronald McDonald: Big Mac fat-induced heart attacker.
Twinkie the Kid: "Creme" filling that had never had anything to do with real cream.
Sara Lee: Pound that cake right out of your diet.
Mrs. Smith: Pies in minutes that you'll regret for the rest of your life.
Aunt Jemima: rom mammy to Ms. MBA, her syrup still don't come from Maple trees.
Tony the Tiger: They're grrrrrrrrreat for clogging your arteries.
Capt. Crunch: His sugar-ladened ship is sinking.
The Pillsbury Doughboy: Nothing beats those love handles. Tee-hee-hee.
The Frito Bandito: Ay-yay-yay-Don't eat those greasy chips. Olé!
Chef Boyardee: Now you know what Ronald McDonald looks like without his make-up.

Be forewarned that, in the future, anyone caught consorting with these unhealthy pariahs will be subjected to the health police's disciplinary action, which might include exile to Citrus Hills or years of hard labor in the Valley of the Jolly Green Giant, with no ho-ho-hope of parole. *-Ernie Glam*

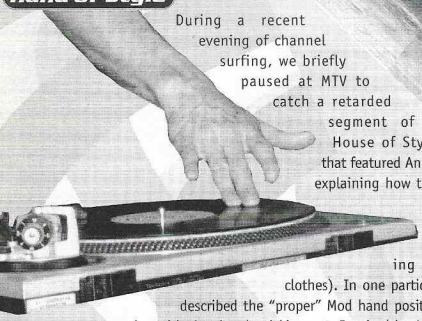
Xtra!

Smorgas-Bug

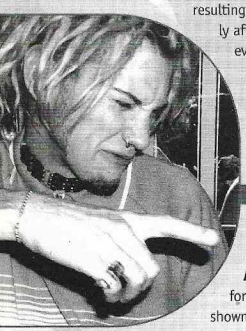
Do you remember the film Soylent Green? This apocalyptic 70s sci-fi thriller is set in the 21st century, when the Greenhouse Effects is in full swing, the Earth is horribly over-populated, and there's nothing to eat except some mysterious food substance with sketchy ingredients (it ain't tofu either).

In an effort to stave off such a disastrous future (see the movie and find out how disastrous), environmental groups like Greenpeace have advocated sustainable ways of extracting resources from the rain forest. With this in mind, environmentalists have argued against the conversion of forest areas to grazing lands for cattle. Recently, several sites have

Hand of Style



During a recent evening of channel surfing, we briefly paused at MTV to catch a retarded segment of House of Style that featured Anna Sui explaining how to get the quintessential "Mod look" (mostly by spending your money on her clothes). In one particularly lame moment, Anna described the "proper" Mod hand position - four fingers in the front pants pocket with the thumb sticking out. Inspired by Anna's dubious peals of wisdom, we pondered the hand gestures of our own scene, turned off the TV and played a game. We think the resulting "digital" lexicon defines the deafening (and often non-verbal, especially after 3:00 am) world of Project X. It's a kinder, utopian party world in which everyone gets a hi-five and one gets the finger:



Club Kid Fists of Flurry: Use it for bumps of K.

DJ Scratchy Mixing Fingers: Extended fingers on vinyl.

East Coat Gangsta Gun: Thumbs up, index and middle finger extended. Use only in rap photo-op clichés.

Rave Fluid Hand Spin: Join hands at the wrist and rapidly spin the hands with extended fingers. Also works for making whipped cream.

Techno Push-Button Operator: Close fists, extend the index finder and point while dancing. It looks like the dancer is operating an invisible operator board or air-computer.

The Me+Party: Use in crowds outside the velvet ropes by the ultra-fab to catch the attention of a door person. Thumb held close to palm with four fingers extended.

Drag queen "You Better Work": Hand drawn in fist with index finger pointing up. Wag the finger back and forth pivoting at the wrist. Not to be confused with the Techno Push-Button Operator or the "I'm Ready For My Close Up" shown at top.

You've Come a Long Way, Baby!

Forget Virginia Slims shopping mall babe mentality, the truly liberated babes of the next millennium are gonna smoke Buz cigarettes, a new addictive-free, all-natural blend from the Exotic Tobacco corporation in Blaine, WA. Be on the look out for advertising that perfectly reflects our fin-de-siècle, what-ever reality: two party clad, pierced teenagers, frolicking in the semi-nude. In the ye olde Calvin Klein tradition, the ads are sure to raise eye-brows, although not ours, of course!

popped up on the Internet in support of such environmentalist arguments. The most (un)appetizing suggestions have arisen on the following Web Sites:

Insects As Food: www.public.iastate.edu/~entomology/InsectsAsFood.html

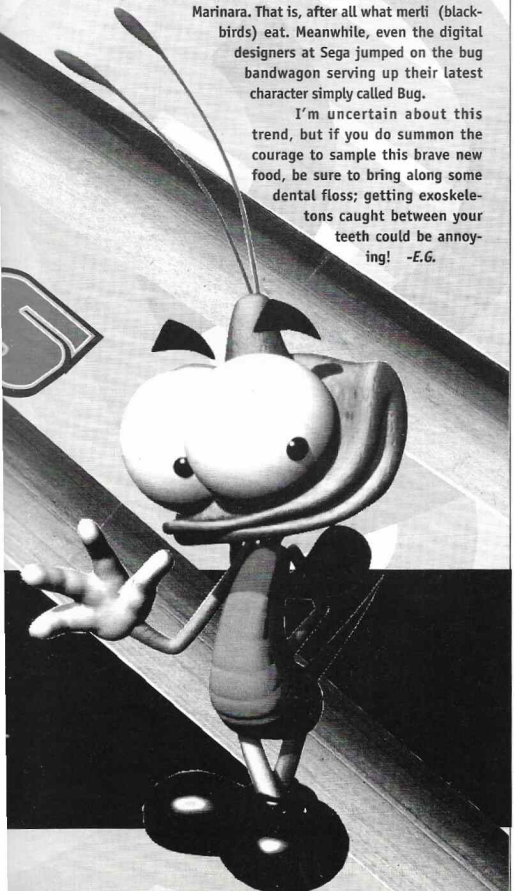
Bug Food www.uky.edu/Agriculture/Entomology/ythfacts/bugfood2.htm

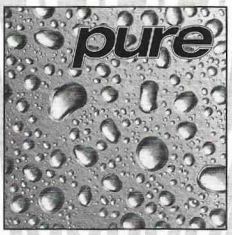
These Web sites let you download recipes from such delicacies as Chocolate Chirpie Chip Cookie made with crunchy dry-roasted crickets, among other exotic "treats". As bizarre as these sites sound, their tones are completely serious, so wear your apron and chef's hat.

Surprisingly, meal worms, Amazonian lemon ants, and Eduadorian white beetles (Scarabaeidae Cyclocephala) not only rank among this planet's creepy-crawly culinary cornucopia, but they have been elevated to high food-fashion status by photographer Alan Richardson, whose gorgeous meal-time still lifes might make even the most ardent vegetarian consider grubbing on grubs.

More importantly, Richardson's work begs the question when New York's ever-trendy dining establishments will jump on this earth-friendly movement. Will Soho's I Tre Merli start serving Beetles Marinara. That is, after all what merli (blackbirds) eat. Meanwhile, even the digital designers at Sega jumped on the bug bandwagon serving up their latest character simply called Bug.

I'm uncertain about this trend, but if you do summon the courage to sample this brave new food, be sure to bring along some dental floss; getting exoskeletons caught between your teeth could be annoying! *-E.G.*





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"minimalist galloping trance" - dj mag

"keep your eyes on this man" - eternity mag

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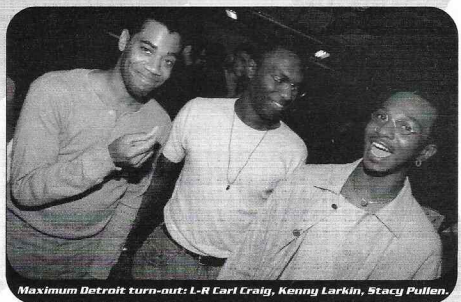
Twilo Factory?

Starting in November, Twilo will be the new home for the Godfather of House, Frankie Knuckles. Nestled in the old Sound Factory space on West 27th Street in Manhattan, the club's owners recently put the space through an extensive cosmetic face lift, completely modifying the venue's entire decor, and no doubt creating a whole new vibe. So far, the DJ line-up stands as Knuckles spinning on Saturdays (he will also retain his long-standing Friday night gig at Sound Factory Bar), with the rest of the nights being filled by luminaries like "Little" Louie Vega, David Morales, and Satoshi Tomiie - old school house old the way!

While details at press time were still sketchy, Knuckles says that little expense has been spared with the renovation, and that an all-new sound system (installed by Steve Dash of Sound Factory and Sound Factory Bar fame) will be Twilo's cornerstone. "Probably the only thing resembling the old Sound Factory will be the DJ booth (facade) from the front," says Knuckles. "Aside from that, everything is different."

As Knuckles settles in to his new Saturday night gig, he's still out

Ten Years of Techno City



Maximum Detroit turn-out: L-R Carl Craig, Kenny Larkin, Stacy Pullen.

There are more than 200 techno dignitaries from around the globe packed into the Cement Space, a deep urban art gallery in Detroit's warehouse district. There's Londoner Steve Paton, a.k.a. Planet E recording artist The Fourth Wave. Russ Gabriel, the boy wonder behind the excellent new import label Ferox is also in from the U.K. L.A.'s Plug Research are in the house, while the cream of the Detroit techno underground like Dan Bell, Carl Craig and Kenny Larkin, just to name a few, round out the scene. Richie Hawtin, who is currently unable to come to the U.S. (due to visa problems), has his brother Matthew and friends hold up a mobile phone so he could hear the proceedings.

A hush falls over the assembly as Juan Atkins, joined by the members of Aux 88 and Underground Resistance's Mad Mike Banks, take the stage for the first time ever as Model 500.

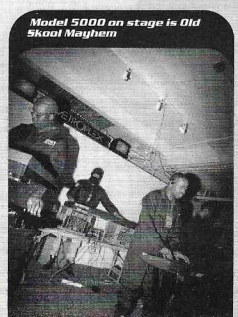
Plastikman is represented: Mathew Hawtin and babe.

That hush turns to ecstatic cheers as the first robotic squiggles of legendary Model 500 track, "No UFO's" charges from the speakers. Juan's up front, outfitted in a Logan's Run issue synthetic jumpsuit and headset microphone, with Mad Mike behind him (wearing his trademark face mask), and the Aux 88 crew positioned to either side.

It's pure pandemonium as they tear into the classic Channel One song "Technicolor" (so classic that Sir-Mix-A-Lot sampled it for "Baby Got Back" without clearing it first), and punters down front throwing their hands in the air and chanting to Juan's 21st-century electro-grooves like it's 1988 all over again.

As they short-circuit everyone in the place by playing Cybotron's seminal "Clear" (including a remix version as the encore), it's apparent that we're a part of history in the making. The man that inarguably created what we know as true techno is finally getting his long-deserved due, and it's happening right where he constructed it.

For a city supposedly so devoid of glitz and glamour, Detroit played host to what will go down as the most pivotal, important, and yes, glamorous weekend in the (albeit brief) history of underground techno culture.



Model 5000 on stage is Old Skool Mayhem

"Warp 10" was the two-night party thrown in honor of the tenth anniversary of Juan Atkins' ground-breaking record label, Metroplex. It boasted a DJ line-up of epic proportions, Derrick May, Rob Hood, Kevin Saunderson, Stacey Pullen, U.R's Rolando, D Wynn, Eddie "Flashin'" Fowlkes, Juan Atkins himself, Ken Collier, and others, and pulled both the old-school crowd from the days of the Music Institute to the new-school ravers weaned on Plastikman and Project X.

"This was brilliant," exclaimed Derrick May after his phenomenal weekend-closing set on Sunday morning. "I think we should all get together and do something like this on a regular basis."

Turntable crew: Kevin Saunderson, Juan Atkins

Between the two nights, there were countless moments of aural bliss that occurred in both the dark, cavernous Deep Space Room and the flashy High Tech Soul Lounge. Juan Atkins' 4 sets were a mind-bending tour through one hell of a record collection. Everything from Detroit standards to jungle to Giorgio Moroder's "The Chase" all found their way into his mix while Rob Hood, Stacey Pullen and Mike Grant also had kids deep in the bass bins. "I feel nothing but pride for Juan," said Mike Banks, echoing the common sentiment. "He's worked really hard to make this happen, and this weekend is testament to that. Everyone came together to pay their respects, and that's cool." - *Scott Sterling*

Turntable crew: Derrik May

photos by Brett Carson

promoting his recent full-length, Welcome to the Real World (Virgin), and he's been busy in the studio remixing Luther Vandross and Michael Bolton. "I'm hoping the whole thing will turn out really well, which I'm pretty sure that it will," he says. "We're exhausting a lot of different avenues to make sure that this space is exactly what New York City needs, which is a new space that's going to be completely different from what was going on before. And it will still have the feel of a lot of legendary clubs." *-Darren Ressler*

Stingily: The Return of a Giant

When dance music's top gut-wrenching, spiritually uplifting vocal act Ten City disbanded late last year, many a garage junky were deeply disappointed, not to mention downright depressed. Although many major house vocalists, such as Colonel Abrams, Arnold Jarvis and Robert Owens, were making comebacks, they were doing so on small independent labels, leaving fans to think that the wider exposure induced by major labels was a thing of the past. The closing of clubs and the rising popularity of the techno movement seemed to signal a house-culture doomsday, but has instead spawned a fresh attitude, allowing it's talents more creativity with less boundaries.

Byron Stingily, founder and leader of Ten City, is a case in point. As one of the most widely revered and respected singer/songwriters, Stingily has returned to the underground as a solo artist on Nervous Records. After releasing three albums, Foundation, State of Mind and That was Then, This is Now, on Atlantic, Ten City broke up due to the pressure. "Somewhere along the line the focus got lost," recalls Stingily. "We wanted to be on the cutting edge of dance music and the best at what we did. In some kind of way, being the best at what we did somehow wasn't good enough. We need to take some of the blame but there were other factors such as what people thought would be marketable. I don't want anyone telling me to do a song that will sound good on black radio. I want to get back to the roots."

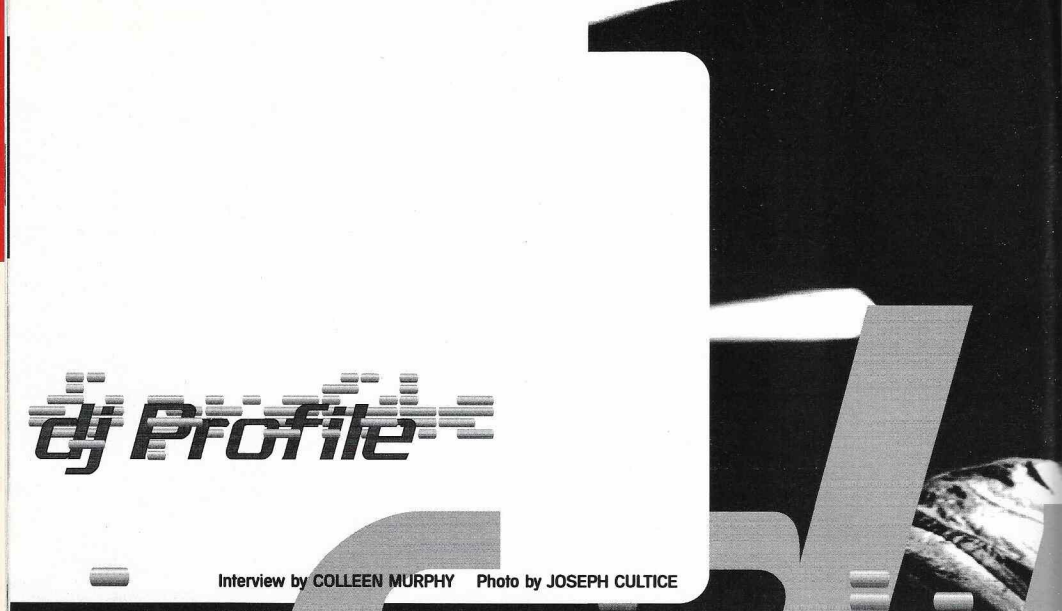
Present when the roots of house were first being cultivated, Byron Stingily was an early underground staple in the mid-eighties when he released "Just a Little Bit" on Trax and the garage classic "I Can't Stay Away" with the group Ragtyme. A partnership with musical genius Marshall Jefferson ensued enabling Stingily to work on such hits as "Truth" and "Open Our Eyes". Before he even entered the dance arena, Byron demonstrated his versatility in high school as the singer in a Prince-cover band and a punk band called The Black Pearl. "We had a female drummer who was into S&M. She had a torture chamber in her basement."

Nowadays, Stingily has more conventional aspirations. "I want to become the songwriter for dance. If Juliet Roberts or CeCe Peniston does an album, I want to have written a hit." He's already started work with his own artists like Kim English for whom he penned and co-produced "Nite Life", "Time for Love", "I Know a Place" and the upcoming "By the Look in Your Eye".

He's also started a production partnership with Mike "God Made Me Phunky" Dunn called Deep Sound Productions and they're currently in the midst of building their own recording studio called House Of Sound. Stingily wasn't wary about the team effort this time around because of Dunn's own history. "I think Mike is one of the best guys doing raw tracks from the time he did 'Magic Feet' and 'Dance Mutha'. He brings the street quality to the projects. With me putting songs over the top of his raw grooves I think that we can come up with a sound that's fresh and innovative."

Fans of Stingily's Sylvester/Maurice White-flavored falsetto need not fear that he'll remain behind the scenes. Stingily has his own single coming out on Nervous records called "Don't Fall in Love" which was written and produced with longtime cohort David Morales. "I'm nervous (pun intended?) because its a different kind of groove and tempo. It seems like dance music on the pop level sees people playing stuff like Real McCoy and Nicki French. I know its not a record like that, but I think if people are ready for something different, it should do well for me." - *Colleen Murphy*

photo by Dahlen



dj Profile

Interview by COLLEEN MURPHY Photo by JOSEPH CULTICE

Joey Beltram

"When I was 18 making these records, I just time and hear my stuff played. But I'm 23 now

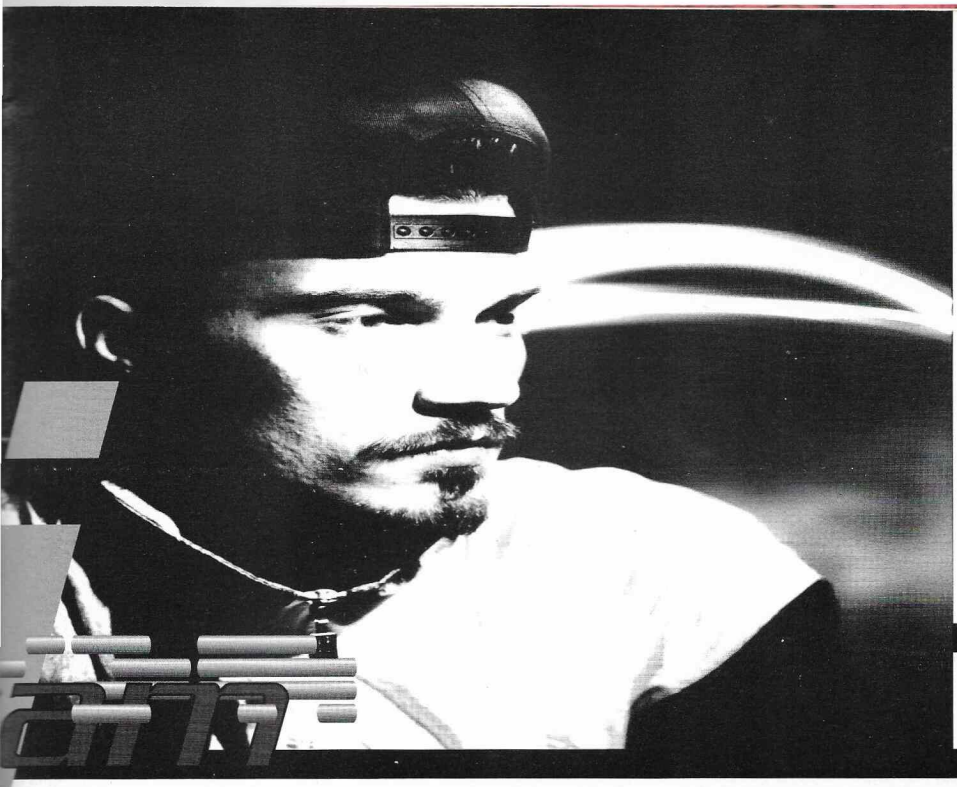
"To me house music died in '88 because the stuff that came out after '88 ain't real house music. Real house music was from Chicago and when I started playing it here in New York in '86, a lot of people weren't into it. They were into freestyle or Latin hip hop beats. Now all those people are into house but that fingersnap stuff - very vocal-ly, garage samples - that's not what real house music was. I think me and the guys today in Chicago, London, the Midlands and parts of Germany - we're carrying the torch now because we brought back the electronic groove feel - the link to the original house tracks - not that fingersnap vocal garbage." Whew! Now that may seem a bit presumptuous coming from the mouth of a 23 year old, but considering that this 23 year old is Joey Beltram who has been making records for the past seven years and already has a few masterpieces and chart-toppers under his belt. It's also acceptable because Beltram is actually quite a friendly, down-to-earth kind of guy.

Responsible for 1990's anthemic and ingenious "Energy Flash", Beltram has remained an enigma and a pariah to the dance music scene. He unintentionally fostered the hardcore movement with his tracks "Mentasm" and "Vortex" even when he wasn't into the hardcore sound. Today, he plays gigs in Europe and Chicago every weekend, yet remains unrecognized in his own home town of New York. He doesn't play the politics and doesn't have many close friends in the music biz. So how did this kid from Queens become such a house music aficionado and a techno figurehead?

"I was a weird kid. When I was in junior high school I got into graffiti... and breakdancing and DJing went with it. I was playing a lot of electro stuff - not really hip hop but the hip hop of '83 which was mainly electro-dance music. As music started evolving, hip hop lost its electronic feel and started sampling James Brown and I lost interest. Around '86 house music came to New York. It was really track oriented, dubby, fast tempos, 808 beats. Some had vocals but were sample hooks repeated over and over. That's what I liked. It carried electronic music. It kept it going."

Before getting his break with the Nu Groove label in '89, Beltram released a record under the moniker 2 On Wax called "Funky Bonus Beat", a hip hop track which sampled a popular 70's rock band. His work with Nu Groove and Easy Street, under the name Code 6, established him as a house artist, but it wasn't until his debut on the Belgian label R&S with "Energy Flash" that Beltram finally received his deserved recognition in both Europe and USA.

"At that time I had given up on New York and was focusing on the European market. My stuff wasn't successful here



wanted to impress my friends and have a good and its time to think of myself as an artist."

because it was too weird. People in New York weren't ready for it because the beat was too fast, too hard or too simple. Then everyone liked me when I came out on a Belgian label because everyone thought I was European."

Along with not fitting into the dance music niche of his native city, Beltram soon began to experience difficulties in meeting the expectations of his European label. "When I first started doing stuff with them in '89, it was mainly a dance music label. It was geared for the dancefloor - peak hour stuff. That's what I was about, am still about and will always be about. We had a great relationship for two years until '91 when they got into more experimental ambient stuff...I could just see the stuff they wanted from me was more experimental. I'm not that kind of guy. We had a mutual parting of ways."

After Beltram split from R&S, he took a few years off to DJ. "At that time, the world was going hardcore crazy. I tried to keep up with that stuff but came to the conclusion that its not my cup of tea. I had to wait for people to come back down to earth." In 1992 he made a comeback with his Caliber EP for Warp records and has since followed up with his first full-length album called Places on Logic/Tresor Records out for the New Year.

With its heavy, layered rhythms and dark, minimal feel, Places does recall the early Chicago house days. Although the tracks' tempos are considered to have break-neck speed compared to the New York house standard, the songs don't fit into the hardcore category either because instead of just bang-banging, they have a human, organic feel. "I tried to make eight good tracks you could dance to. I buy a lot of records as a DJ, but lately when I buy records, I get pissed off. I listen for five hours and like maybe two. It's not that I think my stuff is so great but I wanted to make a record I would be happy with as a DJ - as a guy that goes and buys records every week."

Although most dance artists are never afforded the chance to record an album, Beltram takes it in stride and feels that the past seven years have naturally culminated at this point. "I'm at a different level. It's time to bring myself to a more artistic view. Instead of banging out tracks, I should channel all of my energies into thinking of myself as an artist - still keeping with the same type of music but changing my own view on my music - more as an adult rather than just a kid trying to put out records to feel good. When I was 18 making these records I just wanted to impress my friends and have a good time and hear my stuff played. But I'm 23 now and its time to think of myself as an artist."

fashion X-tras

The devil made him wear it: box cut knit from Thump.

A set from F8.

Double Trouble Old Skool Style: vintage from Screaming Mimi's.

Season's BEST

Fuzzy wuzzy wooly sweater
Cast the Arctic spell away
Tell Jack Frost
He can't accost
With shivers on a winter day
by Ernie Glam

Moments Our It-ness Chart

***Anti-store of the future moment:* Comme des Garbage.** Rei Kawa-who? We're afraid of clothes that are alienating and the psycho salespeople who sell them!

***Power Lunch moment:* The bar at Zen Palate** in mid-town. Nibble on noodles between corporate raiders and porno pushers.

***Eurofashy moment:* Anna Molinari Bluemarine.** Anyone who can make Carre Otis look sexy and bruise-free can work their magic on us.

***Hair accessory moment:* The kerchief as pontiff.** From the stylish head of Patti Wilson to the housewives all over the world. Viva la Babushka!

***Cocktail moment:* A Miduri Collins.** Tastes cute, but if we see another overrated, underage, glam son-of-a-star drinking this, we might just puke.

***Culinary moment:* La Cuban nouvelle.** Best served hot by the even hotter muchachas and muchachos.

photographed by Roberto Ligresti
make-up by Jean Marie
models Johanna and Dennis

Rebecca Danenberg's Treasures

I am an international jet-setter. I lot of people won't admit this. I'm not afraid to. I spend the autumn months in Paris and in London. St. Bart's is bearable for a few months before it becomes too cliché. I fly back to New York right before the holiday season begins and as one might guess, such a demanding lifestyle requires an equally demanding wardrobe. I cannot wear the same Armani snowsuit at two separate ski lodges in the same mountain range in any given month. I refuse to. I would be declared a fashion reject and my name would be crossed off all the top guest lists! My reputation! My inheritance! My charge card at Bergdorf's! For someone like me, fashion is not only a way of life, it is life. My whole identity is centered around the fact that I wear Dolce & Gabbana underwear. That is why I shop at Rebecca Danenberg. Rebecca's clothes are so cooool. First of all, I love Rebecca's clothes because no one at my Swiss boarding school knows about her. When I'm wearing my ultra chic fake fur collar merino wool fitted sweater and nylon slacks to my riding class, I'm the envy of all the other girls. They all cry and complain to their headmistresses that their moms dress them in trashy Versace while I get to be truly hip. I'm so fabulous that way. Secondly, all the cool East Villagers (I meet them on my occasional weekend club splurge when I run away from school for a weekend here and there) wear Rebecca's stuff and they look like a million bucks. Sometimes when I only have a few hundred left over from my allowance, I go over to Rebecca's cute, but decidedly déclassé, boutique on Eleventh Street and just go crazy! She has the most to-die-for little dresses with cute mod pistol prints on them! Her nylon and satin trousers make my anorexic legs look sexy and model-y. And I can't say enough about her stretchy satin shirts in leopard and snakeskin. Mommy always steals mine when she goes on dates with Barry Diller at Nobu. Lucky for you that you live near her, I wish I was you. -*K.T.*

***Optometry moment:* Thick tortoise shell tinted frames.** Think Nan Kempner

drag. Just the thought makes us feel fabulous.

***Restaurant moment:* Bar 89.** What Bowery Bar was five minutes ago.

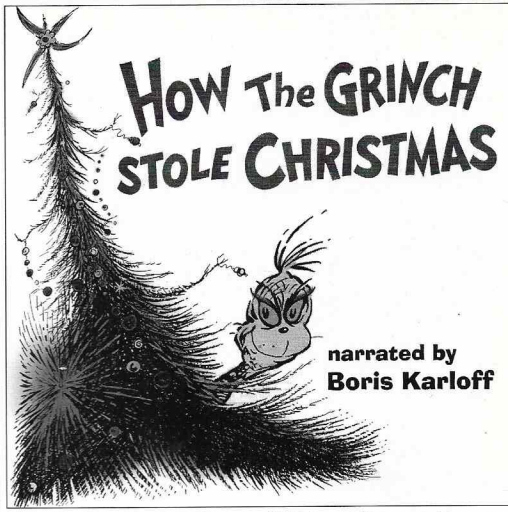
***Dating accessory moment:* The androgynous paramour.** Everyone though "bi" was forever. Trendsetters are saying tomorrow is all about dyke. Who can keep up?

***Magazine moment:* Muzik.** The fab British glossy that kisses DJ butt the way Premier kisses movie star butt: with gusto!

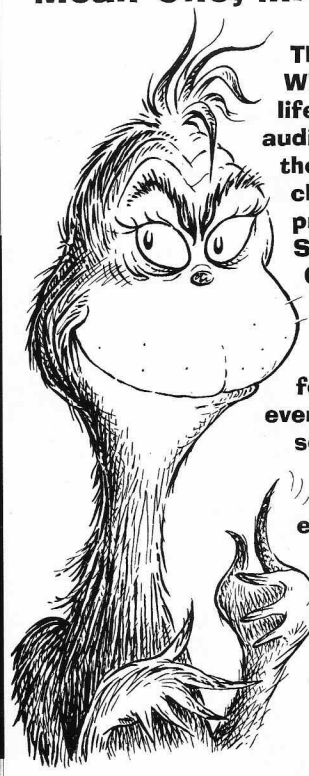
***Denim chic moment:* Katherine Hamnett denim.** Recently surpasses Todd Oldham Jeans as the dungaree downtowners choose to be seen in.

***Song everyone's having sex to moment:* "Ecstasy" by Barry White.** Who would ever have thought that a big fat sweaty tub of lard could make us feel this way.

***Hair color moment:* Bride of Frankenstein:** Skunkheadz unite! The "I'm-over-worked-and-over-the hill" look has never been over the top!



Featuring "You're A Mean One, Mr. Grinch"



The Ebenezer of Whoville comes to life in the original audio recording of the season's cherished TV program, Dr. Seuss' How The Grinch Stole Christmas.

Now available for the first time ever the original soundtrack on CD, Cassette and limited edition picture disc LP.

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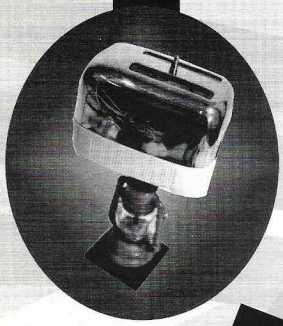
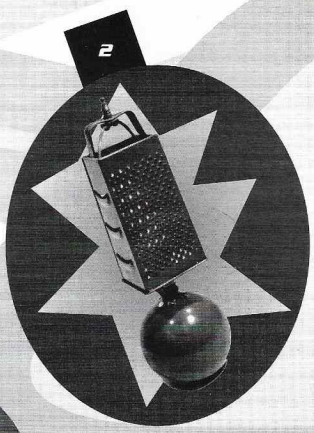
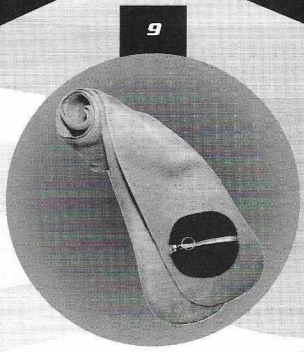
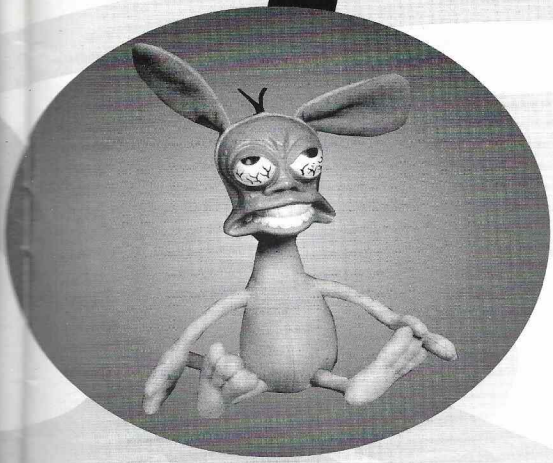




X-mas X-tras

Have you been makin' a list, checkin' it twice, and rippin' it up because you're over it? Well don't worry, whether it's scrooges, Grinches, or secret service agents who top your shopping lists, New York stores are filled with the prime ingredients for credit card meltdowns. If you rely on Project X for all your ideas, boy, are you in trouble! (not really). Once again, we've turned off the office TV right in the middle of a wilding Ricky Lake Show to think about your problems. And we think we've solved it with the gorgeous goodies assembled here. Just remember this, the best gift of all is a subscription to Project X magazine.





1 & 2 Kitchen appliances that light up your life: Grater and Toaster lamps from It's a Mod, Mod World.
3 A handy TV from Sony
4 Ren doll from Toys 'R Us
Travel in style: ***5*** Pekkle bag from Air Market and ***6*** Spaceboy carrier from Screaming Mimi's.
7 Astroboy wallet (not to be confused with Spaceboy) and ***8*** vinyl cartoon radio-bag from Pop Icon.
9 Secret pocket scarf from Albert Torres at Amalgamated.
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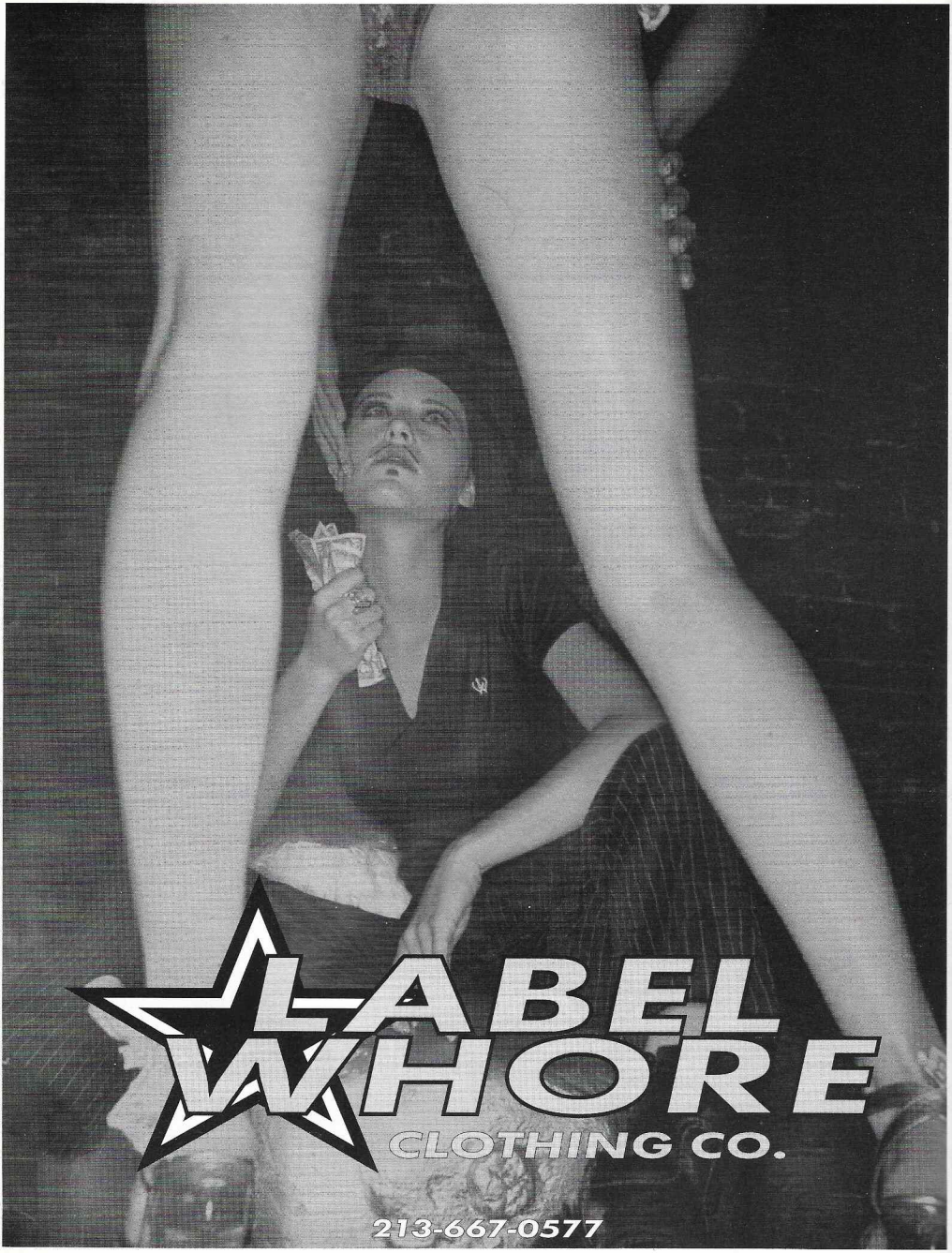
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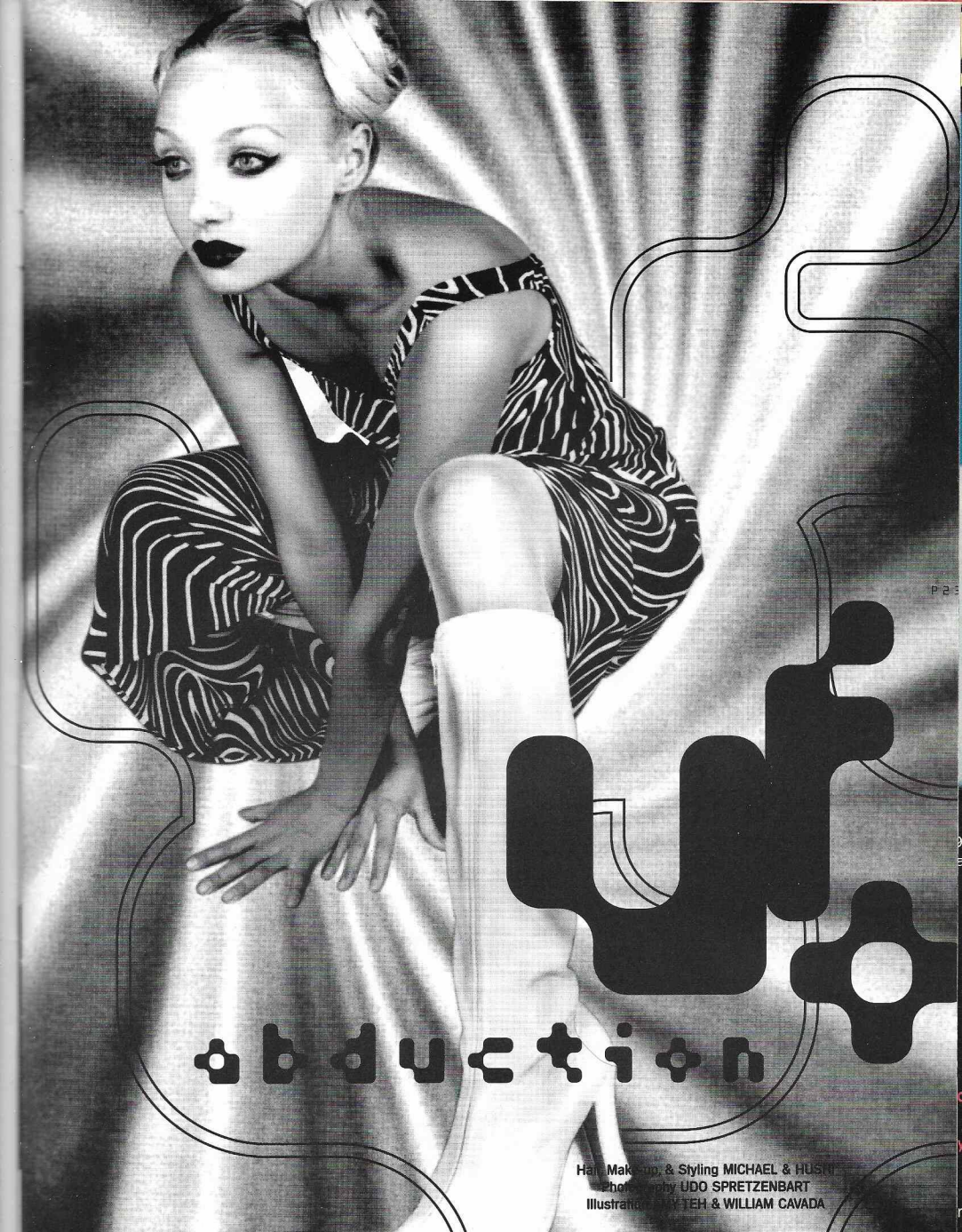

abduction
Hair, Make-up, & Styling MICHAEL & HUSH
Photography UDO SPRETZENBART
Illustration KAYTEH & WILLIAM CAVADA

HONDA
HONDA

Left page Vintage Italian goggles, stylists own; facing corset and hot shorts by MICHAEL & HUSH, white patent leather gogo boots by ELSE ANITA, customized by stylist.

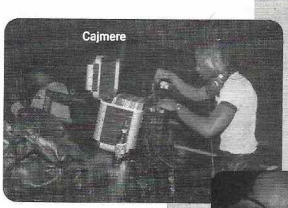
This page: Wet look lycra dress by SUB COUTURE OF LONDON, available at PATRICIA FIELD; white gogo boots by JOHN FLEUVOG.

This page: Vintage polo by SMYLON NYLON, black and white Japanimation pants by MICHAEL & HUSHI, white patent leather loafers by JOHN FLEUVOG. Right page: Letter dress by FREE PEOPLE OF LONDON, white patent leather boots by ELSE ANITA.

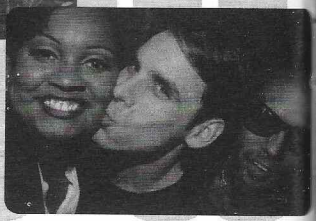
ABDUCTN PROX37

Shelter's Cajual party in Chicago

Years after legends like Li'l Louis, Frankie Knuckles, Marshall Jefferson, and DJ Pierre elevated Chicago to the highest status in the world of house, a new breed of underground DJ/producers is upon us all sporting fresh new dance beats and musical manifestos. As luminaries like Roy Davis Jr., Ron Trent, Chez Damier, and Phuture's Herbert J and Spanky continue to do their thang, new jacks like DJ Sneak, Boo Williams, Glenn Underground, Johnny Fiasco, and LA Williams are deep in the mix churning out tracks and working the 1200s like there's no tomorrow. Perhaps one of the Windy City's most important visionaries of the moment is Cajmere, who runs two of the world's most up-and-coming dance imprints, Cajual and Relief. A veritable boutique for many of the town's youngest talent, Cajmere is also responsible for taking diva Dajae's career to the next level by producing her 94 full-length, *Higher Power*. As we witnessed the party for Dajae at the Shelter, clubbers in Chi-town aren't afraid to throw down and lose their minds. After all, considering that this the city who taught the world to jack, would we expect anything less? -D.R. pics by Brett Carson



Cajmere



Dajae + party

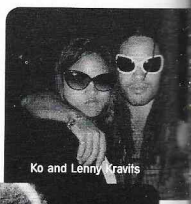
Deep Dish

At MTV Awards in New York

pics by Lil' Keni

You and I were never about MTV even during the highlights of the embarrassments when Eric from The Real World got a VJ job, when Cindy and Todd roller-bladed in South Beach, or when Tabitha fell for that 60's mod thing and started looking like that overage go-go girl from the B52s. We laughed, but we still didn't forgive them when Eon Flux aired as a series. Keeping our distance from that number on our cable box became an obsession, but the need to see Michael Jackson on stage took over, so we had to attend the MTV Awards incognito. Can you guess who the Pro X secret fashion victim is?

Kylie Minogue with Stephan Sanuie



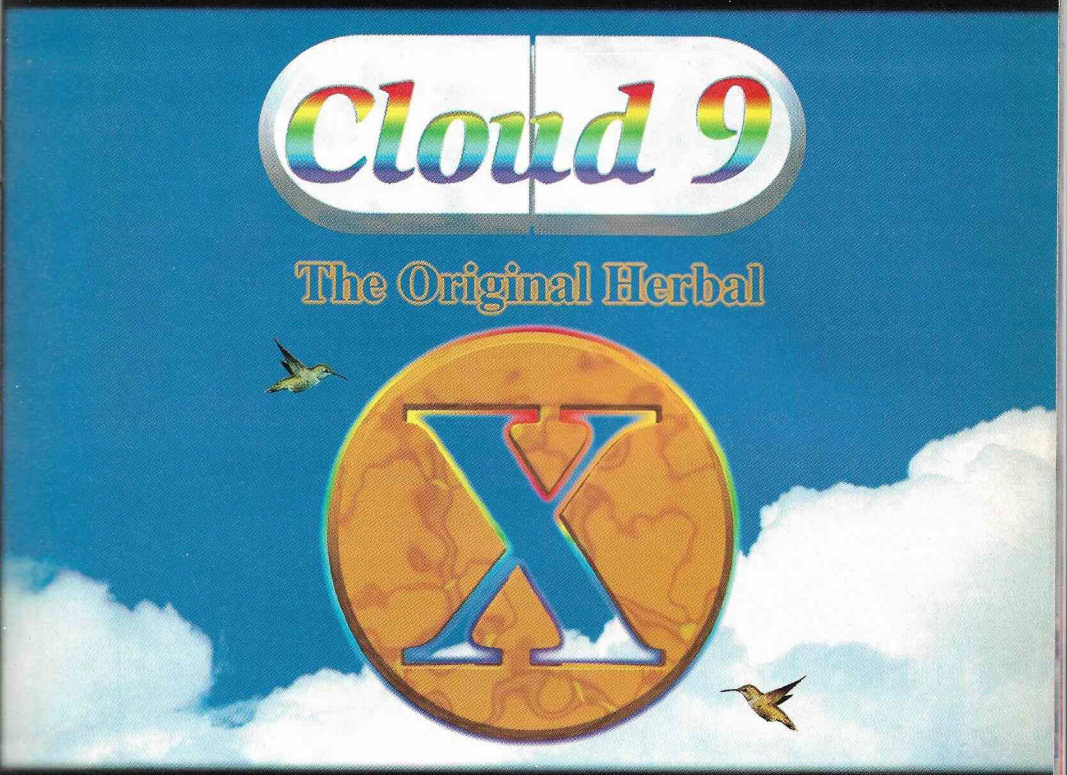
Ko and Lenny Kravitz

Jojo

Moby

The dream team: Lil' Keni, Roshumba, and Paul Alexander (pic M. Martin)

REACH A HIGHER LEVEL!



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by DEV SHERLOCK

The melodramatic journey of

Black Grape

A warning has been issued. Not a stern warning. Just a warning, delivered in that infamously dry, sardonic, northern English voice belonging to Shaun Ryder, formerly of the equally infamous Madchester icons, Happy Mondays. Ryder stares over his trademark pint of Guinness and growls, "I've got to have a couple before we start so I can wake up. Otherwise, I'll just slip into computer mode and give you the same old answers - blah, blah, blah."

It's 3 PM in Hampstead, North London, "I can't believe it! Usually I'll wake up around 9:30 or 10," swears Ryder. "I didn't open my eyes today until 2:00!"

While Ryder wakes up, we may as well talk about why we're here. Black Grape, Ryder's startlingly fresh new band featuring Bez (his maraca-shaking sidekick from the Mondays), Kermit (formerly of the Ruthless Rap Assassins, a perfect lyrical foil, playing Flava Flav to Ryder's Chuck D) and a new group of backing musicians. For a bunch of former junkies, dealers, troublemakers (and all of the above), the title of their debut, It's Great When You're Straight...Yeah, is an apt one ("I just drink Guinness and smoke lots of weed now," says Ryder). And what they've delivered is an entire album's worth of funked-up, cocky dance-pop magic that features everything from sitar and congas to Moog and live guitar, all built on a solid foundation of beats. As Ryder sings on the raved-up Tramazi Parti: "Welcome to the 90s."

It was a natural progression, just not one that anybody thought Ryder capable of. It's also a punchier and more contemporary take on the influential sound of the Happy Mondays, former Madchester kingpins who hung out at the right clubs (the Hacienda), with the right remixers (Oakenfold, Weatherall), and helped spearhead the dance/rock movement that took Manchester, England, and the rest of Europe by storm in the late 80s. But in 1992 the Mondays self-destructed under the weight of internal band turmoil, crack-habits and creative bankruptcy, effectively burying their scene and, allegedly, their label Factory Records alongside them.

With the Happy Mondays, it wasn't a case of wanting to do music. It was a case of wanting to live rock and roll, travel about the world, not paying for it ourselves. Now that I've had 10-12 years of that, I'm more interested in the tunes.

"See, what happened was, there was no other band on Factory bringing in any dough," Ryder explains. "They had New Order, but they weren't putting out anything. People thought Electronic were successful, but they didn't shift any units. All the dough going into Factory for like five years was down to us, Happy Mondays. They went and got a bigger office, they bought this table that cost like £60,000 (nearly $100,000 U.S.) that someone fuckin' sat on and broke. So just before we went to Barbados (to make the last album), we knew we weren't gonna get all this money that was owed to us and that they were going under, so we just decided to try and get out of it what we could."

"Meanwhile, all these shifty sort of European acid house tracks were going around - just stupid tunes, mad dance records - and they were going to number one all over Europe. We kept taking all these really top dance tunes to Factory, tellin' em to put them out and make some quick dough, but they wouldn't do it. Instead, they were signing all these guitar bands - bands that take, like, a year to build up a following, get better and sell records."

And so the Mondays went to Barbados, went way over their recording budget, smoked loads of crack, crashed up cars, broke bones, released the weak Yes, Please and broke up. "Me and Bez found out two days after the rest of the band when we showed up at our rehearsal space and all of the gear that we'd spent £1000s on was gone," say Ryder.

Then Factory Records went under, too. Says Ryder, "Tony Wilson (Factory owner) came to my house, sat down and said, 'It's all your fault.' I went, 'Fuck off, my fault.' They had to blame somebody, know what I mean? Rubbish! We did nothing but make them money, subsidize their fucking income. I was really bitter about it for a while.." he trails off. "But it was their fault. It was just bad business."

Ryder finishes off another pint as Bez comes ambling in. Last anyone heard, Bez was laid up at home in bed recovering from a flu, so the fact that he's just flown down from Manchester this afternoon comes as a pleasant surprise. One's first concern should probably be how he's feeling ("Sorted, man! I've been ill, though--yesterday was the first time I could swallow without painkillers."). But his friend has more pressing questions than that: "You got your draw with you, B?", asks Ryder. "You got skins?" And the answer to both is a fortunate "Yes". Now, we can start.

"After the Mondays, we were gettin' phone calls," says Bez. "We coulda done a few fuckin things, like be a TV presenter. I just wasn't that desperate for it."

"And I was already gettin' Black Grape together," shrugs Ryder.

However, it was no easy task getting back into the music business for Ryder and his new outfit. "No one would take us seriously," he says, frustrated. "I kept quiet for three years while all sorts of stories were surfacing about how I was on crack, that I'd lost it--I just kept working on the music."

With little luck in their native U.K., Black Grape flew to the States, signed a deal with American label Radioactive and were paired with American producer Danny Saber, who has remixed for the likes of Cypress Hill and Madonna.

"Kermit's got a bad name in the business for getting wrecked or whatever, just like I have. So we had to tow the line a little bit with the record company," explains Ryder. "That's where Danny came in. Luckily, we found we could really write with him. We all like the same things, musically. The other guy (co-producer Stephen Lironi, once of 80s new wavers Altered Images, strangely enough) got on a bit of a wrong trip - he didn't really fit. He was a great guy and all, and he did work on the album, but he was just too straight rock and roll. The record company wanted somebody who was straight

Happy Mondays' drug induced Madchester daze to the sober reality of starting Pop stardom all over.

rock and roll to oversee me, Kermit and Danny."

When Ryder says he has a bad reputation, consider the tale of the Mondays' first trip to America where, upon arrival, he and Bez headed straight for the Bronx to score, becoming the first English people to try crack in the process.

"Yeah, it's true," laughs Ryder. "You see, I'll tell you the story. In England, people had tried freebasing cocaine, but crack isn't like freebasing it yourself. So we land in New York in 1986, having read about crack in the press, get picked up by a driver, it was this girl from the record company, and after dropping the rest of the band at the hotel, me and Bez want to go and

score. So she drives up to a certain point and says, 'Here, if you wanna score, you get out here. I'm not driving any further.' So me and Bez are walking through this neighborhood with fuckin skinheads, Adidas Gazelles, fucked-up jeans, tank tops and big anorak parkas. We looked like two bums. The whole time we were there we never got one bit of hassle. Then we meet this guy who says, 'Yeah, come back to my crib.' We're laughing, 'His crib!' - we never heard that expression! We thought he lived in a barn like Jesus. Anyway, we got wrecked. It was just being stupid and young. It was all part of being rock and roll."

But that was then and this is now.

"With the Happy Mondays, it wasn't a case of wanting to do music. It was a case of wanting to live rock and roll, travel about the world not paying for it ourselves. Now that I've had 10-12 years of that, I'm more interested in the tunes."

Oh yeah, the tunes. Having embraced the latest trend in sampling - that is, finding samples you like and having your band play them live so you don't have to pay clearance on them, as well as sampling your own band, looping them, chopping them up and putting it all back together - Black Grape have truly been able to create their 'own sound'. Surprisingly, though, they haven't been spending as much time in the clubs soaking up ideas.

"I still get tapes off the DJs," says Ryder. "But I listen to funk, rap, rock, you name it. Right now, my favorite geezer is Bushwick Bill - top fuckin lyrics, man. But, because I'm back at work, clubs are my life and I'm there all the time. So right now, for example, if I have time off, I stay away from clubs because next week I'll be back at it again and I'll be in a club every night of the fuckin week for the next ten months."

"I still go to clubs, but not as much as I used to. Now when I go out it's like a special occasion," says Bez, whose favorite disc at the moment is, um, 'Whale', along with "some reggae, ska, old Neil Young and Crazy Horse."

"Our bodies can't take it," laughs Ryder.

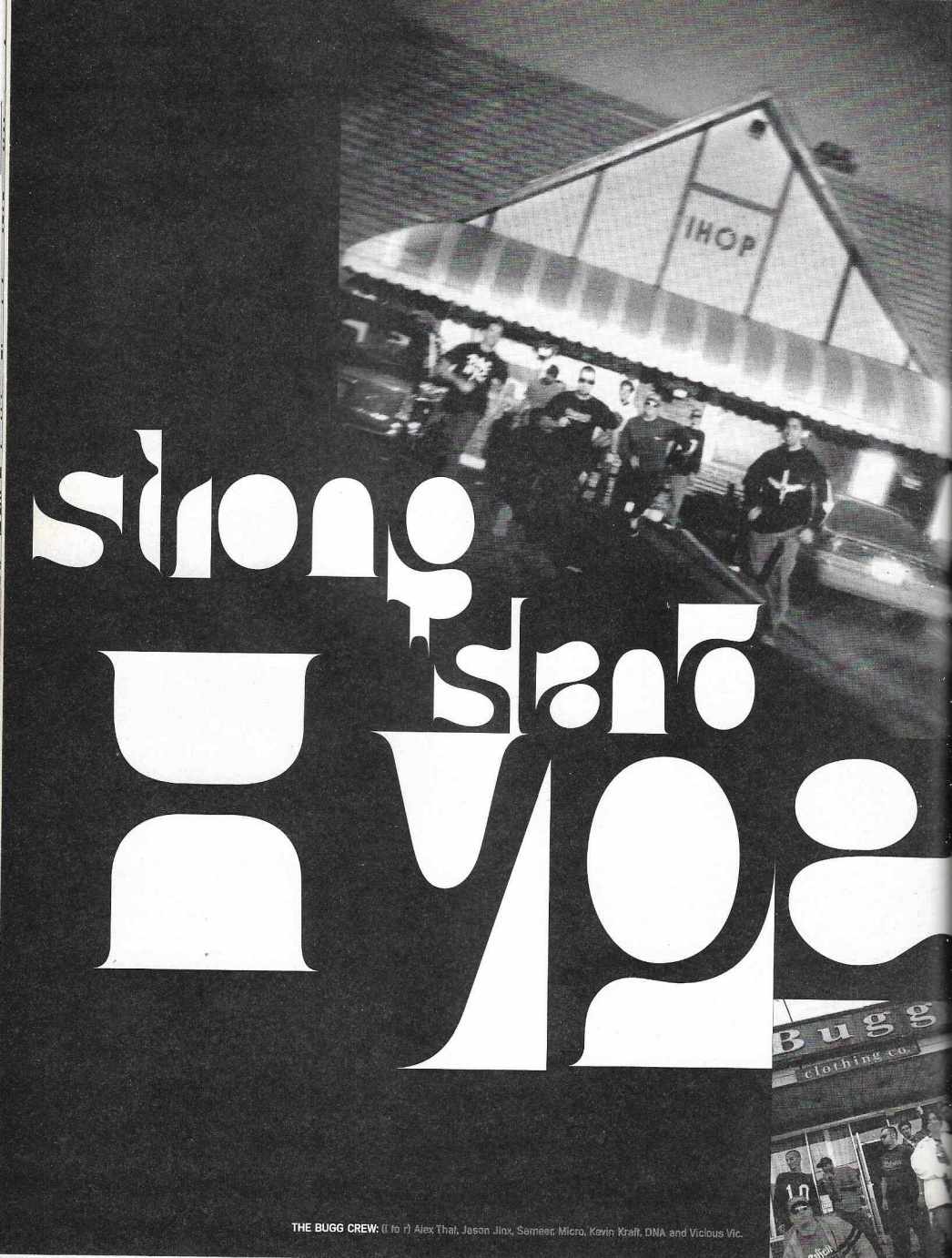
"Not only that, we're not kids anymore. We've got responsibilities, we've got families of our own. I've found when I go out now, I've started to feel really old," laughs Bez. "The other night we went out really early and we ended up at this club, me and my mates. And we're surrounded by a bunch of 15 year-olds down the club at like nine o'clock! I thought, 'Fuck me! Is that what I used to look like?'"

"Remember, Shaun, we used to be out every night?" Bez asks. "Never stayed in. And we'd be so skint that we had to walk to town, which was like an eight-mile walk, and then walk home again! That's how dedicated we were to going out."

Next stop for Black Grape will be the clubs of America. "I hate the expression 'Cracking America'," sneers Ryder. "But, fuck me, yeah, I'd love to play America and sell records there."

Indeed, in the years since the Happy Mondays first made in-roads on college and alternative radio stations, what was once considered 'alternative', and this is hardly a new observation. It's now the mainstream.

"It's the same thing in England," observes Ryder. "All the indie bands are in the charts now. Plus, you go back eight years and all the techno records were underground. Now, they play them on Radio 2 for your granny to listen to. You hear it in the supermarket! Old people listen to it now!"



strong start

THE BUGG CREW: (l to r) Alex That, Jason Jinx, Sameer, Micro, Kevin Kraft, DNA and Vicious Vic.

Is Long Island the "Manchester" of the East Coast? Can the sleepy suburbia be bursting with underground flavor? JOHN TREPP examines the DJ driven culture.

Photographs by RODERICK ANGLE

DJ DRIVEN - Progression at the wheel and DJs in the backseat.

Think of Long Island.

It's very likely that you'll image muscle boys in fast cars with their big-haired girlfriends on the side cruising along the L.I. Expressway. It isn't very likely at all that you'll imagine a burgeoning underground music scene, often more advanced than the not-so-far away jaded "capitol of the world" New York City.

In fact, obscure places with names like Deerpark and Massapequa are the "Manchesters" of the East Coast - bleak, suburban, sleepy little towns that can suddenly blossom into utopias of underground culture and launch stars overnight.

In the near past, New York clubbers would never venture outside the glitz and trendiness of Manhattan clubs, especially not into Long Island's suburban abyss, but right now, the East Coast dancefloor trends and the street style are defined by a group of ordinary DJs and promoters that are causing a wave of extraordinary hype.

DJ Onionz, of the most respected DJ talents that emerged from this scene says that "the best thing about Long Island is that it is open to music - it isn't just house, or like in the city where it's the 'us vs. you' mentality. It's more like 'let's get together and have a big jam'." Micro, another DJ hero continues adding, "Unlike other American cities which have championed this new 'progressive' dance culture, there isn't a specific style that dominates. We've got it all here, though there seems to be a harder influence." This exemplifies the most interesting aspect of the L.I. music scene. The amalgam of people drawn to this new DJ driven culture is best represented by the local DJ talent pool.

Another scene DJ, Dave Trance, before immersing himself in this new "techno/rave" scene, could be found at clubs like Paris, a legendary venue predating the Lollapalooza alternative explosion by several years, where he listened to DJ Slave's electro-goth format back in the early nineties. Then there's Jason Jinx, who also hung out at Paris appreciating groups like Meat Beat Manifesto and Stalker's "Humanoid" until he discovered the world of acid house. Meanwhile, Vicious Vic was the ruler of the flourishing L.I. club scene, kickin' his Latin influenced freestyle/hip-hop hybrid to a captive audience which often included young DJs Micro and James Christian (a newly transplanted Brooklynite who was caught sneaking out of his bedroom window one too many times heading up to the Funhouse, a historic club helmed by Jellybean Benitez). DJ Onionz entered the picture around then too, bringing along his early hip hop influences.

Although each one of these young aspiring DJs was aware of the new techno and acid house productions, it wasn't until a DJ named Frankie Bones returned from overseas with the exciting news of "rave" that things began to fall into place.

Bones' DJ experiences in London opened his eyes and upon his return he immediately decided to spread the word, consequently opening his record store Groove. Now legendary, Groove is solely dedicated to underground electronic trax. Then Mr. Bones took the initiative and began throwing "outlaw parties" with a strict techno format and suddenly a scene had a base.

The word on the new Brooklyn scene spread rapidly, satisfying many DJs' appetites for new music while showing enthusiasts that techno needed to be treated as it's own culture. The tough streets of Brooklyn, however, proved not to be an appropriate place to break the new youth explosion "Most of us got fed up with the Brooklyn scene," reminisces Jason Jinx. "No one wanted to say what was wrong; no one had the guts, but we wanted to make sure the scene got started right." Shortly thereafter, Jason together with friends Joe, Mary, and Susan, formed the Nice Collective, and with the help of Dave Trance and his X-Cubed posse started what became known as the Studio

Rave series. Back in '91, the Series were considered the first "real" raves on the East Coast.

The floating parties kick-started a whole new dance scene, inspiring, among many others, club entrepreneurs That's Crafty. The Alex That/Kevin Kraft partnership formed and unveiled their new vision Caffeine, a converted warehouse on Deer Park. Looking back, DJ Onionz explains what drew him to this new scene, "I left the city just as things started to happen for me, but then again the scene out on the Island was so open to music. Places like Caffeine and Layaway (a warehouse in Babylon rented by Micro, Onionz and Tom Nuygen solely for the purpose to break and educate others to "rave") were all about cultivating people."

Caffeine quickly became the breeding ground for new talent, but more importantly, it offered stability to a floating scene. Micro, who became Caffeine's resident DJ and music coordinator, always took interest in breaking new talent and Caffeine gained a great reputation for showcasing top European DJs alongside the best of local talent. Two DJs who can thank the club for exposing their talents are Sameer and DNA. Now with a flourishing team support, it was only a matter of time before these DJs made the transition to producers.

The man single-handedly responsible for this reality is Vicious Vic through his Lower Bass Studios in Babylon. Victor, the oldest and most experienced figure on the L.I. scene, had an early start. Kicking things off at a ripe age of fifteen, his DJ career began under the wing of Jimmy Chopacone, now a nationally syndicated radio mix jock on stations like Z100. Fist came the tape edits, then the samplers, and the rest is history. "I foresaw an opportunity to create a prolific artistic environment, and although I was well aware of the 'new music happening overseas'." What inspired Vic to take Micro and James Christian under his wing? "Micro and Jimmy were breaking it out here. I learn from other people so I'm always willing to help out."

Micro, laughing continues, "I met Vic in the back room at Caffeine, next thing you know, I'm buying keyboards. Before you know it, Nervous Records came banging on my door, Mike Weiss was just launching his new Sorted label." Micro and Vic quickly formed "Progression" and shopped their first release "Reach Further" to Nervous. The track was an instant club smash, and propelled Sorted imprint into high speed. Micro and Vic took this opportunity to hook up their neighborhood buddy James Christian, who also brought his early tracks to Sorted, Jason Jinx began releasing material on DB's Sm:)e Communications, and the next thing you know, Long Island goes buck-wild and the rest of the country is living for their sound.

"Something I've been trying to impress upon people is that Caffeine is a concept," says the young corporate mogul Alex That. "All the various aspects of Caffeine lend themselves to one another." At this point in time, aside from managing the Caffeine label, Alex opened a clothing and record store in Massepequa called Bugg, which became the nucleus for the scene. All club promotions are directed from the store, the label is run out of it, and of course their own clothing lines are sold.

Meanwhile, Onions put his DJ career on hold while developing his Electric Soul label with his childhood buddy Mike Mandel. The duo knew that since their B-boy days with the Break Loose Crew in Bayside Queens, that the music was it for them and in a fit of laughter the two remember the days when "everybody would be waiting in the park for us to bring the tunes. The GS777 Sharp Boom Box bumin' up twenty bucks worth of batteries every other day." Now, as the label drops their third slab of wax, the plot thickens.

The posse just kicked off their latest weekly venture Pure this month while taking the original concept of Caffeine on a national tour. Sitting back and taking all this in, it really seems amazing what a bunch of people are capable of with a little D.I. Y. attitude. Jason Jinx sums it up best: "We'll all look back one day when we're in our forties, laughing, saying 'I was there back in the early nineteen nineties!'" Imagine that.

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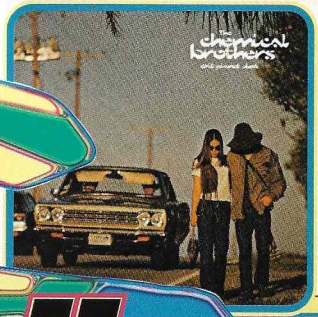

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Holy Lunachick

Photographs by Misa Martin Styling by Johnna Davis Make-Up/Hair by Miss Guy

For those of you that haven't paid much attention to the new rock scene coming out of New York, or haven't been glancing through any magazines, or, for some reason, couldn't tune in to see any recent fashion footage on your boob-tube, let me introduce you to a pretty amazing young gal. Meet Theo, the gorgeous lead singer of one of the most unique and entertaining bands to come out of New York since Max's Kansas City days, the Lunachicks.

Walt Paper Interviews Glamourpuss Theo

Theo is wearing white patent sling bikini by Daang Good for Tripp, NYC and white faux fur shawl collar coat by Isaac Mizrahi. Electric blue faux fur coat by Daang Good for Tripp, NYC.

The band has had a devoted alternative following for quite a few years, and, since the release of their latest album, "Jerk of All Trades," the Lunachicks have found themselves in constant demand. Theo has also proved to be quite a sensational model with many of the New York fashion designers. Between touring and working the runway for designers such as Betsey Johnson, Patricia Field, and Anna Sui, she's also set to star in a feature length film by Ned Ambler called "Rock Star" which will be out next year. As the Lunachicks get ready to tour with Rancid, Theo took a break from her hectic schedule to chit-chat with Project X.

Pro X: Once you told us a story about being on tour, and in the middle of it, you were asked to fly out somewhere for a modeling job. How do you balance being dragged back and forth between two careers? Or do you see this as all part of one big job?

Theo: It's definitely two different things, and music is number one. Right now I like to model when I'm home, to make money, and I like to see myself in pictures, but performing is really the greatest pleasure - and torture - I have.

Pro X: You share the company of an interesting group of hard-core New York people like Mike Schmidt, Miss Guy from the Toilet Boys, and the Lady Bunny. You even involved everyone in the making of your last album. How did you all get together?

Theo: Well, Miss Guy, being one of my best friends for a long time, did make-up for the record sleeve and he is a big inspiration in every way, and Bunny as well. Michael Schmidt did the graphics and he's been very supportive and wonderful. And, of course, he's the mastermind behind the club called Squeezebox.

Pro X: How are you involved with Squeezebox?

Theo: Lunachicks played the opening night, and I've been dancing there ever since. Gotta get my bucks! For me, I see it like Max's Kansas City. That's the place where I go and I know everyone. It's like a big family. That's what I love about it, and of course the music.

Pro X: How would you describe the Lunachicks?

Theo: I would definitely say it's a sick all girl band, but we're really sick of being labeled. We're even sick of being lumped into the whole "all-girl" thing because we're just a band. You know, because we're powerful, nasty, and sick, people call us dykes all the time. That's their problem. We're influenced by Kiss, Alice Cooper, punk, Black Sabbath, Iggy, horror movies and John Waters. If you put all that in a mixing bowl and vomit it out, then you've got the Lunachicks!

Pro X: You were recently portrayed in an interview as a meat-eater, but in reality you're a vegan. How do you feel about this issue?

Theo: I'm so annoyed with that! I was eating vegan Chinese food made with wheat gluten, which looks like fake meat. So this idiot who was interviewing me portrayed me as eating all this meat, although I remember saying that it was fake. That grossed me out and I plan to write to that magazine and give 'em a piece of my mind.

Pro X: Drugs have often played a big

gusto: disco's revenge part 2

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role in this music and art scene that we're a part of and you're around a lot of bands and artists. Do you see drugs as a problem, or does it just come with the territory?

Theo: I think for some people it's a problem and it definitely comes with the territory. I think that it has to change, especially with people who believe that drugs and rock and roll have to go hand in hand. I've seen way too many people ruin their lives over it. I'm really sick of seeing it happen, although I've done plenty of drugs myself and had a lot of fun.

Pro X: You're often mistaken for a drag queen. Does it bother you?

Theo: You know, I love it! It's because I'm a woman who looks like a man trying to look like a woman. In the years that I've been dancing, I've watched people try to see if I have a dick or not, and I take that as a biggest compliment. I think drag queens are beautiful, so I love it!

Pro X: You've modeled for Betsey Johnson, Patricia Field, and Anna Sui. Not unlike yourself in the music world, they're all strong women in the fashion world. Do you work with them because of the common ground?

Theo: I think that they see me as a strong woman and want me to represent them, which is really cool! I also think that part of the reason it took us so long to get our act together as Lunachicks, is because people couldn't handle the fact that we're so weird and crazy. People are put off because we're not "regular" girls singing "la-la-la". I think that (all the designers) have all had hard times, even though they're doing well now. I can bond with that, and I like their clothes!

Pro X: Well, we think you're the "cat's meow" and quite a few people look up to you. What do you think about that, and who's your "meow"?

Theo: If I had my choice, I would want to be the queen of the Universe and have everybody love me! I want to be the most famous, most beautiful, the best singer, everything. Ummm, and whose my "meow"? David Bowie was it, but now, I heard he's so bad, I'm kinda upset. Hmmm. "Cat's meow?" I think you are!

Pro X: Meow!

Theo: Meow!

Pro X: What's in store for the Lunachicks this winter?

Theo: We're going on tour with Rancid, we'll be doing the entire US with them, and the West Coast with some other bands. Then, we're going to Japan for ten days, then to Europe, Australia, then hopefully we'll record, which will probably be around early Spring.

Pro X: Prior to this interview, you said that people rarely ask you questions that you want to be asked. Here's your chance to ask yourself all those questions, and then answer them.

Theo: OK!

What is your favorite candy? Lifesaver's Holes' Tarts.

What is your favorite book? The Tao of Pooh.

If you had a superpower, what would it be? I'd have a third eye on my forehead and be able to blink like Jeannie and then be somewhere else.

If you could have any skin color, what would it be? Iridescent light blue.

What is sexy? Crooked teeth, nice arms and nice lips.

Thanks!

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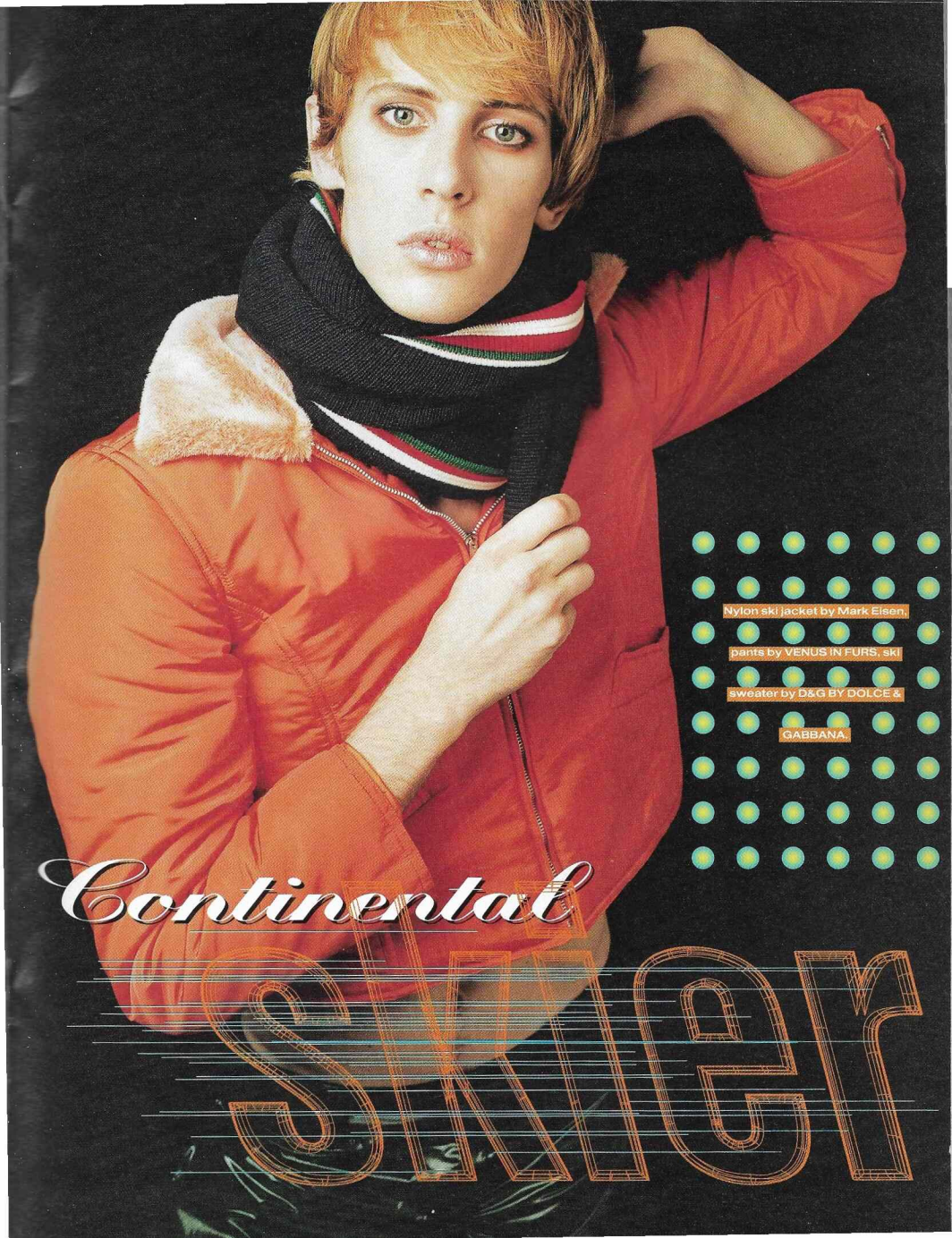
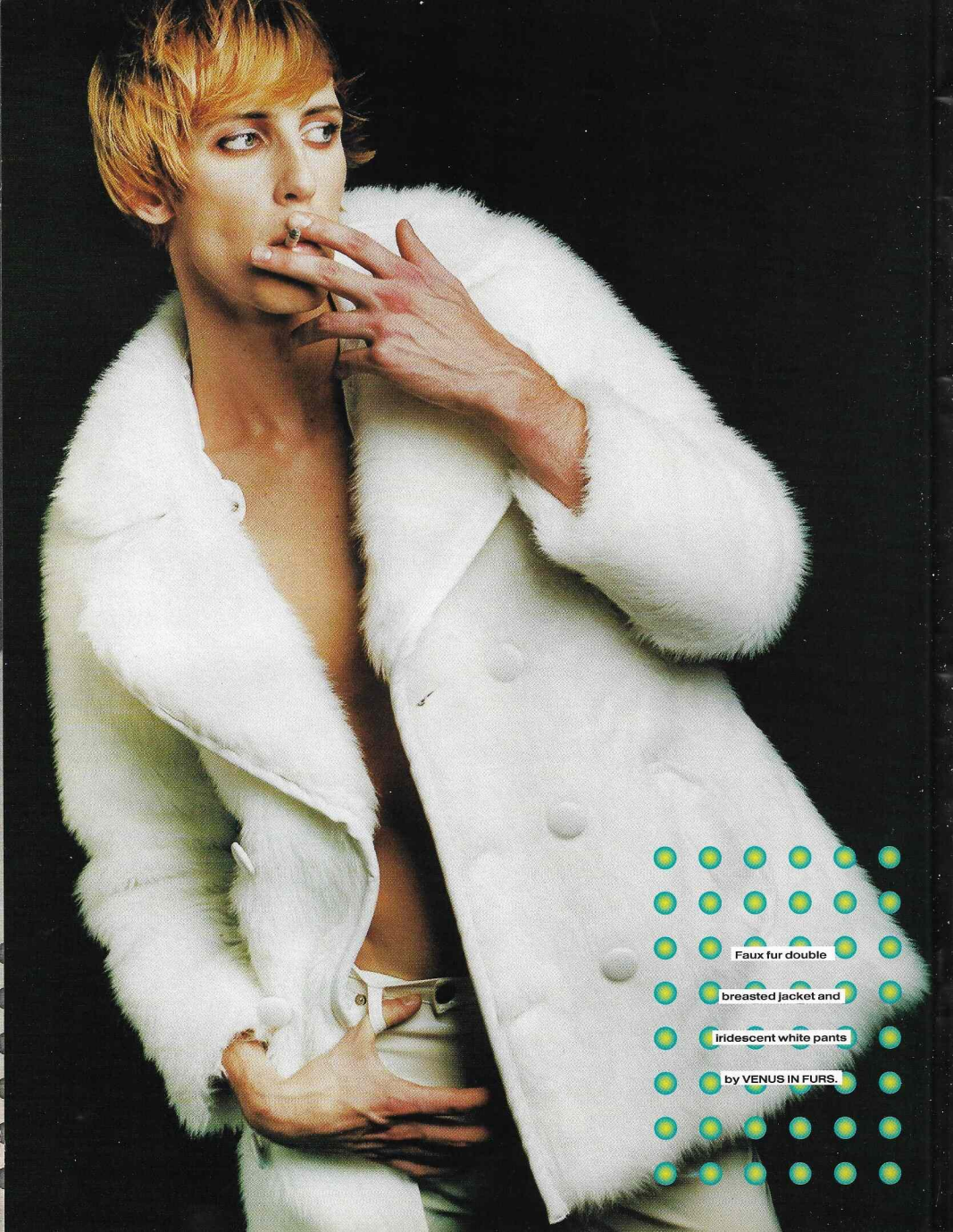
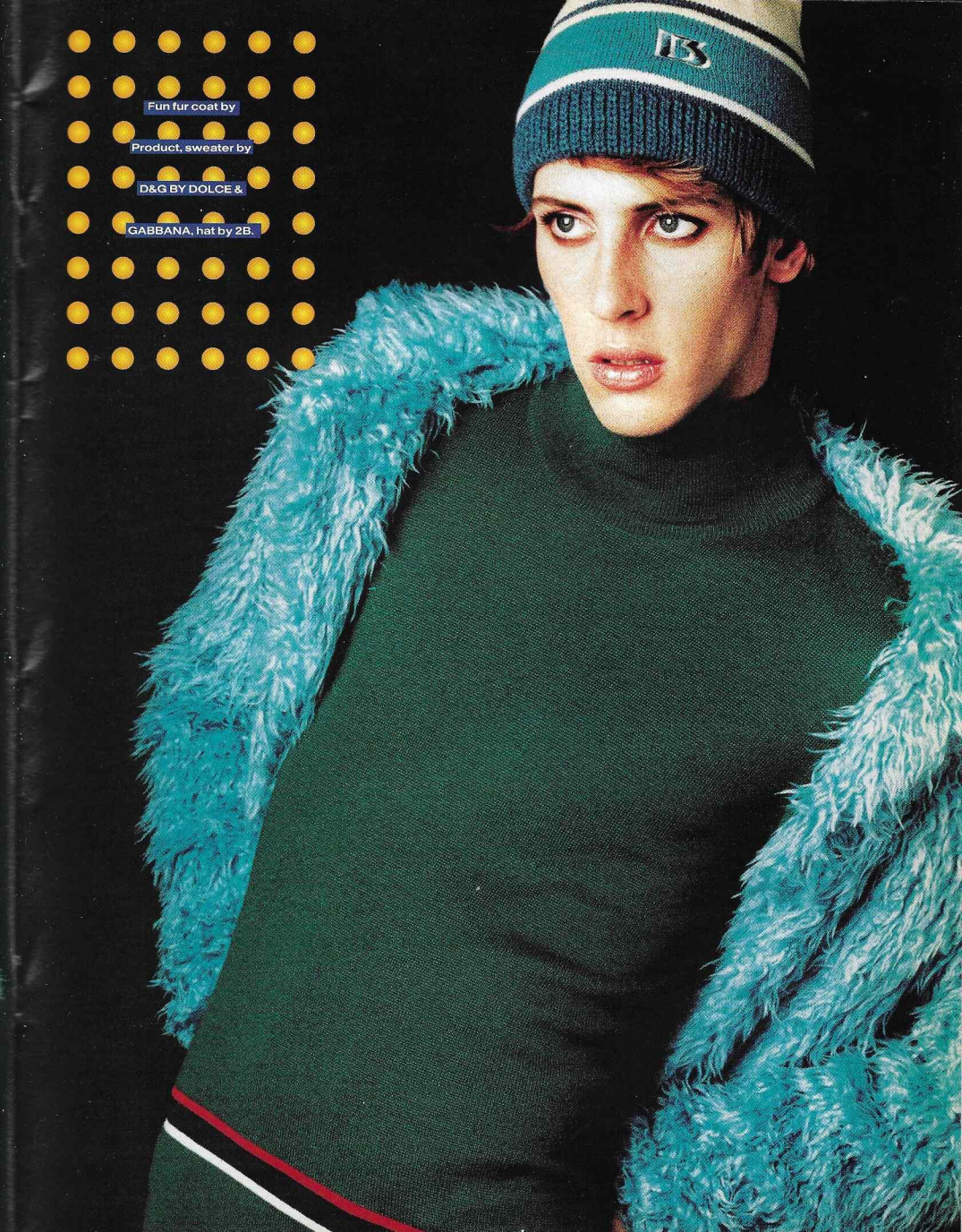
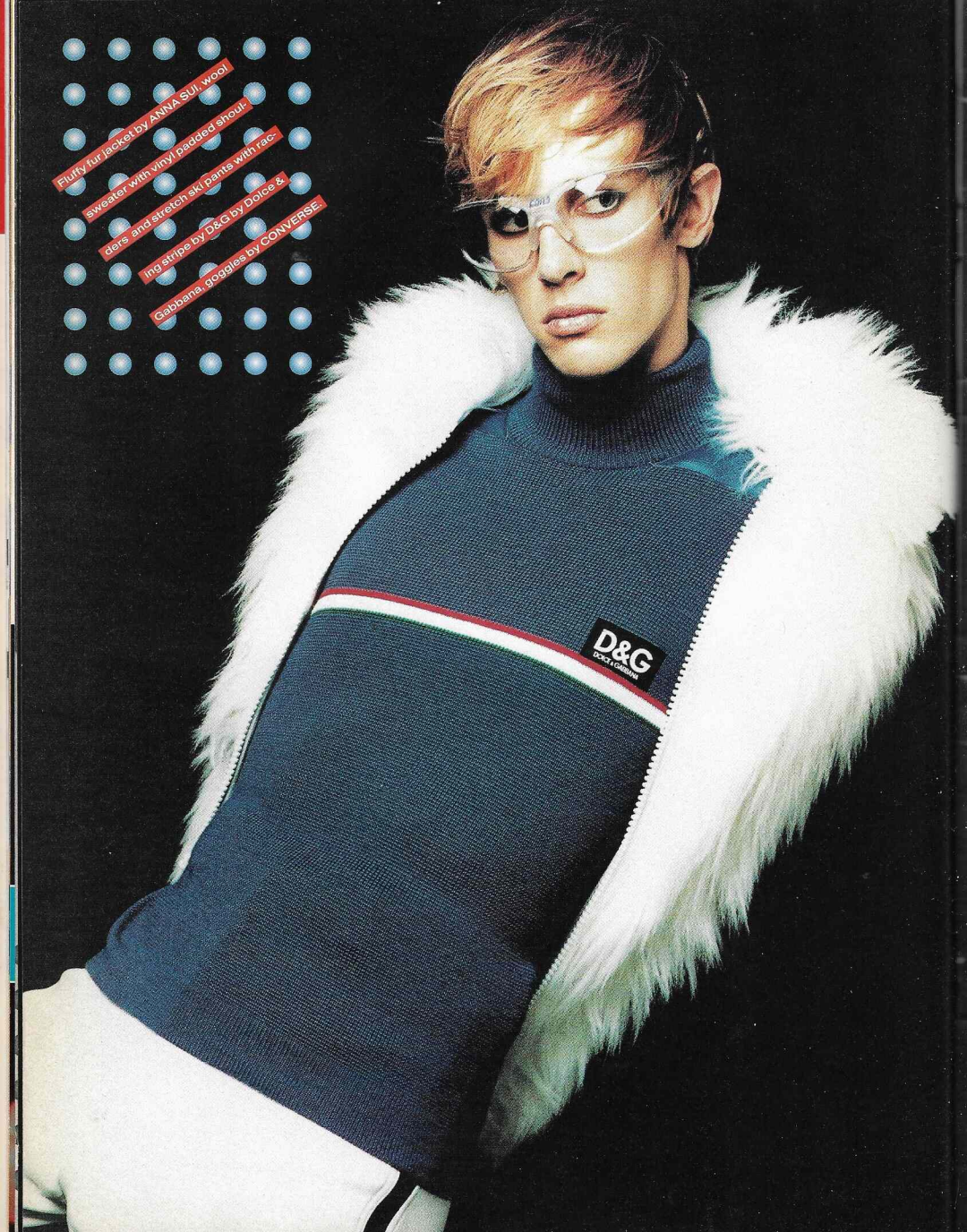
This season, designers are Eurotrashed in the 70s and then, there's the real thing...
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERTO LIGRESTI
STYLING BY KHIEM TRUONG
GROOMING BY BRYIN SMOOT FOR MAREK
MODEL: GABRIEL @ DNA
EDITOR: MONTGOMERY FRAZIER
The
D&G
Plush zip neck jersey by D&G BY
DOLCE & GABBANA
Ski Mask and faux fur scarf from PARAGON
SPORTING GOODS.


Nylon ski jacket by Mark Eisen,
pants by VENUS IN FURS, ski
sweater by D&G BY DOLCE &
GABBANA.
Continental
Skier


Faux fur double
breasted jacket and
iridescent white pants
by VENUS IN FURS.


Fun fur coat by
Product, sweater by
D&G BY DOLCE &
GABBANA, hat by 2B.


Fluffy fur jacket by ANNA SUI, wool
sweater with vinyl padded shoul-
ders and stretch ski pants with rac-
ing stripes by D&G by Dolce &
Gabbana, goggles by CONVERSE.
D&G
DOLCE & GABBANA

Vintage ski jacket from SCREAMING MIMI'S, Vinyl pants from VENUS IN FURS.

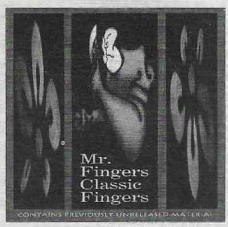
best of the issue

Timeless
Goldie *FFRR*

A few years back, some adventurous souls saw new possibilities in jungle other than rapid-fire beats banging you over the head. If the drum-n-bass was sped up enough, the chaotic rhythm could actually become a soothing element unto itself. No doubt jungle maverick Goldie (a.k.a. Metalheads) helped pave the way or this alternative sound. In fact, one can argue that he almost single-handedly led hardcore out of its happy phase, into the dark mode, and then back towards a more positive but laid back vibe with a melancholy side-effect. However you label the latter approach (intelligent , deep or ambient jungle), Goldie is its undisputed master and Americans can finally hear his innovations on his domestic debut Timeless. As with a lot of ambient, jungle or otherwise, the rhythm (or lack of) can become boring or monotonous or even yicky. As fresh as Timeless first sounds, its only flaw is that the last few songs might leave you wandering Did I leave the CD player on repeat? For the most part, Timeless has got to be the most energetic and exciting jungle album of the year. The first half is an ambient jungle tour-de-force kicking off with the twenty minute-plus opus Timeless and an exercise in time-stretching called Saint Angel . For my money, the best cut is State of Mind which is actually (gasp!) a song. Hearing a jungle maverick handle verse and chorus duties is trippier than you d think. For their next trick, maybe Goldie and jazzy vocalist Diane Charlemagne should drop the jungle altogether and desecrate a bunch of Billie Holliday standards. *(Kevin Bozelka)*

dance dance dance

ClassicFingers
Mr. Fingers *La Casa*



Larry Mr. Fingers Heard is in many ways an unlikely candidate for house music s defining artist. In an industry filled with shallow, flashy, self-congratulatory micro-stars whose heads are far bigger than their record sales, Heard is modest, shy, and, after roughly ten years as a leading creative light, still nowhere close to the wealth his work has given his many imitators. Heard s early trio Fingers Inc. basically defined deep house on tracks like A love of My Life , Mystery of Love , and Never No More Lonely with singers Ron Wilson and Robert Owens adding their soaring, soulful vocals to Heard s visionary instrumentation. As Mr. Fingers, Heard virtually invented acid house with Washing Machine , in addition to exploring the mellow, soulful side of house music with classic tunes like What About This Love and Closer . In short, Classic Fingers contains the origins of just about everything going on today in progressive dance music. Cut through all the layers of industry superficiality (the novelty producers, remix trends-of-the-month, and silly DJ nicknames) and Larry Heard s work still represents modern, electronic disco at its zenith. Even with the numerous omissions, this three-record package/double CD is a retrospective worthy of one of the past decade s true musical innovators. *(Adam Goldstone)*

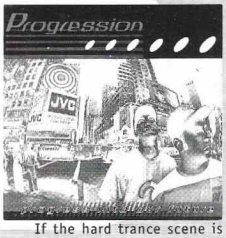
DJs Take Control Volume 2
Mixed compilation *One Records*

From the obscure to the very well known, this compilation mixes in and out of 18 different house compositions. Welcome to the Factory , Your Loving Arms , Drop a House , Don t Leave Me this Way , and Body to Body are just a few numbers that everybody will recognize unless you ve been living under a rock during the last few chart-toppers. Some of the lesser known tracks give this compilation a cutting edge, but are not quite as groovy and upbeat as the familiar ones. The smooth mixing makes the transition from song to song work nicely, but the only question left is, Who mixed all these wonderful songs together? . A lot of the songs are originally mixed by Junior Vasquez (as the CD boldly advertises), but the compilation itself is definitely not mixed by him as you might be lead to believe. All trickery aside, it s sill a very sound compilation. *(Afshin)*

From The Deep
Eric Kupper Presents K-Scope *Tribal*

There s two things I just can t get enough of - my mom s chicken soup and Eric Kupper s tracks, which are both delicious any time of the day. As for Kupper, he s a seasoned studiophile who can easily wear an array of hats. He s produced album tracks for the likes of RuPaul to PM Dawn, and has remixed for everyone from Raw Stylus to 808 State. But perhaps his most understated (and best) work to date comes in the form of his tasty dance floor-friendly K-Scope Project, where he uses his electro and jazz influences to forge a subtle, wonderfully orchestrated late-night soundscape, that s simply perfect for listening after 4 a.m.. Given the weekly assault of rote tracks we re inundated with, From The Deep not only compiles some of Kupper s most inspired work, but it also offers a fresh slant on what a track record can do when it s put in the hands of someone with the vision and the willingness to transcend the norm. Now pass the salt, please. *(Darren Ressler)*

Progress Into Our Future
Progression *Sorted*



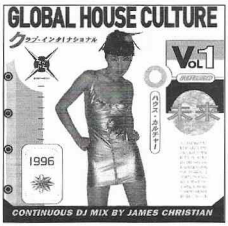
If the hard trance scene is ever going to blow up, we need more producers and DJs to stop hiding behind generic tracks and put their asses on the line as artists. Fortunately, there are two producers who not only represent an important part of the East Coast sound, but have put their reputations on the line. I m referring to DJ Micro and Vicious Vic, who met just two years ago at the Long Island rave nucleus Caffeine and formed Progression. Their debut single Reach Further ripped through the underground and became a true anthem at raves globally. Combining an old-school horn with a Rotterdam style kick drum, the two immediately created an identifiable sound. After the strong reaction to their second smash single Your Mind , creating

reviews

a double album was the natural next step. The result is Progress Into Our Future and it demonstrates the smooth production skills that this team possesses. The album opens with If You Believe , which features the glorious vocals of Carrel Sylvan (who was just featured on Danny Tenaglia s recent album on Tribal). With it s trippy baselines and hard kicks, it s a brilliantly energetic and hard track. Deep House lovers need not fret, just take a special listen to Cry for Drums and The Music . Congratulations are in order to Micro and Vic for showing us that East Coast hard trance is here to stay. *(Julie Jewels)*

I like trip hop. A lot of cool people like trip hop. If you re anybody who is anybody, you should be listening to trip hop. Believe me, the English are never wrong. If you don t know shit about the Trip , this CD is a good place to be schooled on the fundamentals of it. The Trip Hop Test covers the various styles that trip hop encompasses. My favorite track is Moment of Bliss by Supersoul. The

Global House Culture
Volume 1
Mixed compilation
Deep Blue

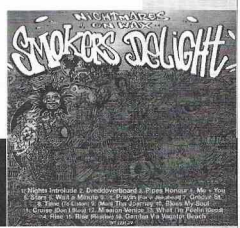


Nowadays, house is no longer just house. It s full of new dimensions, sinking deeper and slamming harder in search of the rhythm. In the latest string of DJ mixed CDs, Global House Culture Volume 1, finds James Christian spinning his answer to what house has become. Every remnant of progressive flavor comes through. Tribal beats, acidic twists, uplifting vocals and ragga dub contribute to the flow that every super-DJ must control. After years in the club circuit, Christian has no trouble in holding a consistent vibe. He brings in the funky breaks, smooth builds and heavy bass, but it takes awhile to really kick in. There s almost too much of that in-between space floating around, which is great for finding the groove, but to truly get inside, we need it up front and center. On the positive, James Christian does exhibit fine DJ technique, and the disk comes through with a variety of house flavor. *(Elysha Lenkin)*

chill chill chill

Smokers Delight
Nightmares On Wax
Warp/TVT

Listen up kids, there is now a



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new category of music to keep an eye on. Our prediction is that Dub Hop will be the new big sound sensation all over the world and you can get your first taste of it with Smokers Delight. If this turns out to be true, then you know where you heard it first. George Evelyn a.k.a. Nightmares On Wax has pieced together an album that guides you through jazz halls, funk taverns and hip hop clubs without ever stopping in any one place to long. Don t try to categorize it. Don t try to analyze it. Just fuckin enjoy it. And if you re not yet singing, She keeps a pass n me by after hearing the first track, Nights Introlude then you never will. In all honesty, I couldn t imagine anybody not liking this CD; it s so friendly. I suppose following the suggestion of the title Smokers Delight wouldn t hurt either. *(Afshin)*

Macro Dub Infection
Volume One
Dub Compilation
Caroline Records

You can t come across a record review these days without bumping into the word dub at least once. This compilation makes it easy. It s all about dub in its various shapes and forms. Twenty three tracks that some-

how utilize dub and present an excellent showcase for its numerous guises. The influence of dub has not left any genre of dance music untouched as can be seen in the varied types of electronic music on this collection. From trip hop in the form of Tricky and New Kingdom to jungle, proffered by The Omni Trio and Spring Heel Jack to techno from Wagon Christ and Bandulu as well as ambiance from Automaton and Skull vs Ice. Even the indie kids get in on the action with Laika, The Golden Palominos and Scorn, all incorporating the dub factor in some way or another. The mixes used are unique and provide a good variety for everyone. *(Lily Moayeri)*

Four Rooms
Original Motion Picture Soundtrack
Elektra

It s espresso-fueled mayhem that adorns the soundtrack of Elektra s Four Rooms. Crushed-velour

champions of the loungecore nation, Combustible Edison and RCA Victor s own living legend Juan Garcia Esquivel weave an eclectic mosaic. Produced by the genuis of Devo s Mark Mothersbaugh, the soundtrack chronicles a chaotic evening shared by four separate plots juxtaposed into one of Hollywood s most savvy pictures on the big screen. With X-large doses of humor added in good measures, (you ve got to hear their cover of the Bewitched theme) they cleverly complement the script s offbeat [illegible] of the incomparable Miss [illegible]ion and the willingness to tran[illegible]nd the norm. Now pass the salt, [illegible]ase. *(Darren Ressler)*

[illegible]rogress Into Our Future
[illegible]rogression
Sorted

If the hard trance scene is [illegible]er going to blow up, we need [illegible]ore producers and DJs to stop [illegible]ding behind generic tracks and [illegible]t their asses on the line as [illegible]tists. Fortunately, there are two [illegible]roducers who not only represent [illegible] important part of the East Coast [illegible]ound, but have put their reputa[illegible]ons on the line. I m referring to [illegible]J Micro and Vicious Vic, who met [illegible]ust two years ago at the Long [illegible]sland rave nucleus Caffeine and [illegible]ormed Progression. Their debut [illegible]ingle Reach Further ripped [illegible]hrough the underground and [illegible]ecame a true anthem at raves [illegible]lobally. Combining an old-school [illegible]orn with a Rotterdam style kick [illegible]rum, the two immediately created [illegible]n identifiable sound. After the [illegible]trong reaction to their second [illegible]mash single Your Mind , creating

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The Slammin' Vocal Club Mix
HERE WE GO LET'S ROCK & ROLL
The Clivilles/Cole Rockin' in '91 Mix
THINGS THAT MAKE YOU GO HMMMM...
The Clivilles/Cole Deep House Mix
JUST A TOUCH OF LOVE
The C+C Garage Mix
A DEEPER LOVE
A Deeper Love Mix
KEEP IT COMIN' (Dance Till You Can't Dance No More)
C+C Club Mix
DO YOU WANNA GET FUNKY
Vocal Club Mix
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that that ll settle your stomach quicker than a bottle of Mylanta, especially after wolfing down one of those treacherous Grand Slam Breakfasts.
(Richard T. Thurston)

The Trip HopTest Compilation *Moonshine Music*

I like trip hop. A lot of cool people like trip hop. If you re anybody who is anybody, you should be listening to trip hop. Believe me, the English are never wrong. If you don t know shit about the Trip , this CD is a good place to be schooled on the fundamentals of it. The Trip Hop Test covers the various styles that trip hop encompasses. My favorite track is Moment of Bliss by Supersoul. The track is phenomenal. These white boys have flavor (for a second I thought Flex was in the house). Red Snapper s In Deep and Primal Scream s Give Up But Don t Give Out (Portishead Remix), were also a treat proving you can still commit suicide and/or O.D. while listening to the trip hop beat. I honestly don t have any complaints about this CD. I wanted to dance, cry, die and be pretentious all at the same time!
(James Lee)

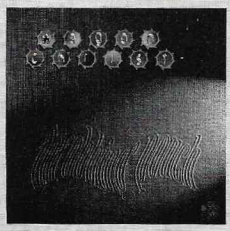
A Positive Life Synaesthetic *Waveform*

Waveform Records continue to pick out the choicest quasi-ambient British morsels, (usually licensed from the Beyond label) and stick them out

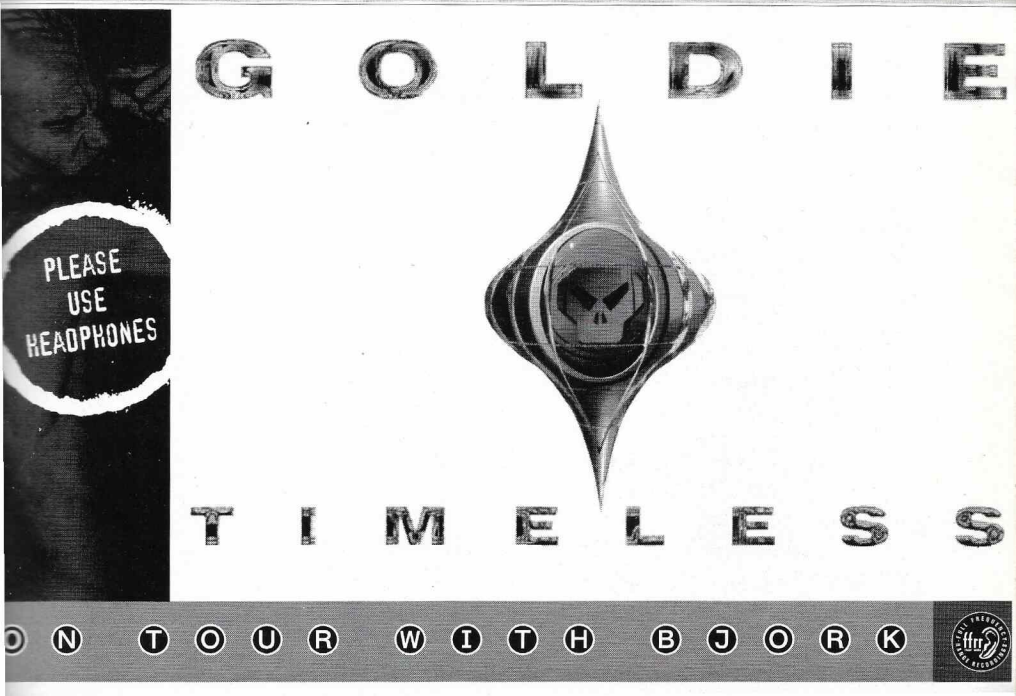
in the States, although admittedly, a good few months after most committed die hard ambient-heads have already handed over the cash for the import version. This busy little CD is a far cry from the minimalist FAX/Instinct style stuff. It goes from the rather played out (but well executed) swishy-swooshy synth sounds to the rather stomping stuff. Best of all, it even has real songs on it; don t worry, no vocals. Fortunately, there s nothing here for the lonely ambient purist or for the smoke-till-you-choke listener. We also suggest that you ignore the sleeve with its usual hippy sentiment and Space 1999 graphics because inside and you ll find a user-friendly gem that ll stay in your CD player long after the usual ambient stuff has been consigned to the falling asleep section.
(John Speakman)

Wagon Christ Throbbing Pouch *Rising High*

Samples are the key to this album. Big chunks, little chunks, frighteningly recognizable tidbits and barely discernible morsels. Luke Vibert is Wagon Christ who, in



all of his twenty two years, has never created music in any place other than a bedroom, be it his or the Aphex Twin s. The borrowed sounds from every source imaginable - come from radio station exerts (that the album bursts with at the start) to well-known hip hop tracks and everything else in between - come together for a sound that is completely unique. Distressed disco and wigged out jazzy elements sit nicely with funkified industrial slashes and techno twitches. But don t call it ambient or trip hop or acid jazz, the dub heavy work is a simple concoction of all of the above without falling into any of its trappings. Tracks such as Pull My Strings and



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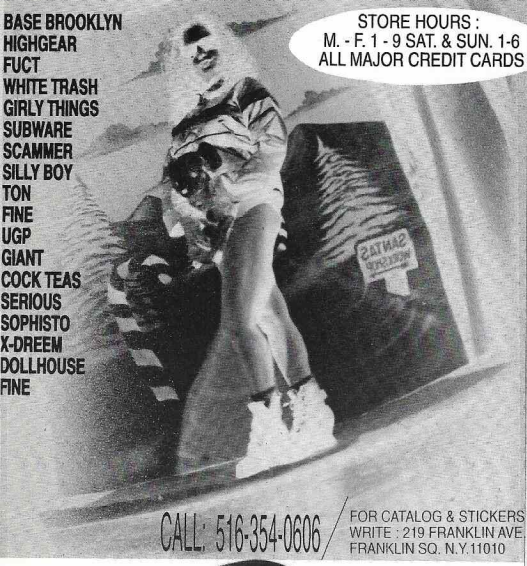

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reviews

Vibes are pure melodic offerings while others, Intro and Intermission are sonic stews with everything but the kitchen sink thrown in. *(Lily Moayeri)*

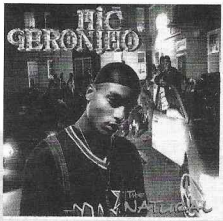
hip-hop

Hold It Down
Das EFX *EastWest*

Das EFX s third album is a milestone (for them at least) as Skoob and Dray attempt to drop their groundbreaking diggedy style. Since Das EFX s conception, many hip hop groups have bitten or adopted their style including OutKast and Bone Thugs-n-Harmony. Now that Das EFX have adopted a more coherent style, you can actually understand while you enjoy what their saying. No surprise though, as it turns out to be typical B-boy stuff, you know the 40 s, the blunts, and da ho s. Das EFX may have improved in the rhyme department, but they seem to have taken a step back as far as the beats are concerned. Overall the album is good for a superficial listening. It displayed the different styles and skills of Das proving they re not as one-dimensional as they have appeared in the past. Hold It Down has less diggedy, more English, and even mo flavor. *(James Lee)*

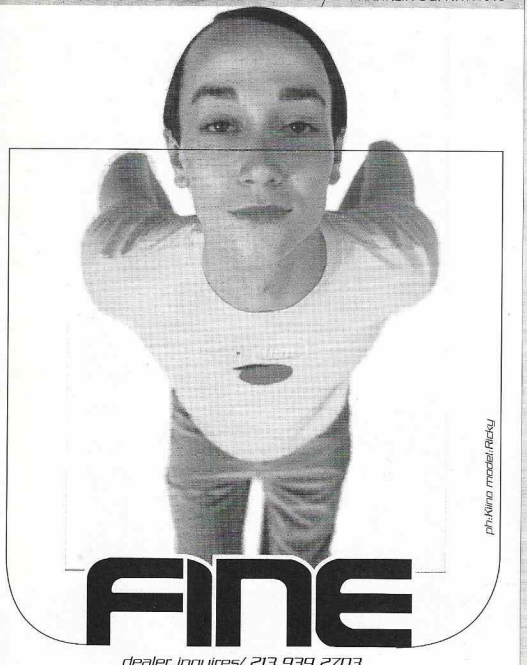
The Natural
Mic Geronimo
Blunt Recordings

What s up with Queens lately? First their was Tribe, Nas, Mobb Deep, and now Mic Geronimo. Mic Geronimo garnered respect in the hip hop community with his break-through, Shit s Real . With radio support from N.Y.C. DJ s Ron G, Red Alert, and the (almighty) Funkmaster Flex, Mic Geronimo is well on his way to hip-hop stardom. Basically, this is one of the best pure rap albums to come my way in a while. Every track - slammin ; the beats - slammin ; even the interludes are creative. Geronimo combines hard lyrics with smooth butter beats and melodies. But will he be the



next Nasty Nas? Either way, they definitely have more in common than the same borough. The Natural is a choice release for Blunt records and should always be kept within arms reach. *(James Lee)*

tasty 12s



"English 101"
White label

- When we say go, everybody buy this record. GO-GO-GO. The most innovative, creative and intelligent record of the century! Geez, the way we hyped this record, you d think we produced it or something!

"Fairground"
Simply Red — *East West*

-Simply soft vocals and a hard kick to boot. Rollo creates a house symphony full of drama only surpassed by the writers of Melrose Place.

"I Am Your Master"
Sextravaganza — *Tribal*

-Fred Jorio heads out on his own with this swing n four track EP. Get your S&M gear out boys and girls cause this track is dominating.

"Lift Me Up"
Jay Williams — *Nervous*

-Collector s Item: last of the Sound Factory Mixes to ever be seen. Typical Vasquez layout weather you play the vocal or dub mixes. Solid with fun, disco-y, upbeat vocals.

"Pull Up to the Bumper" remix
Patra — *White label*

-Without a doubt the best house mix after all the bad ones Sony laid down. Search it out, it s definitely worth the effort if you can find it. Good luck.

"To Deserve You"
Bette Midler — *Atlantic*

-Everyone is jumping on the house bandwagon. A few years ago she was the wind beneath our wings and now she ll die for us . Arif s club mix is as sweet as Bette s voice and lyrics.

"Philadelphia"
David Morales/Brooklyn Friends
Nite Grooves

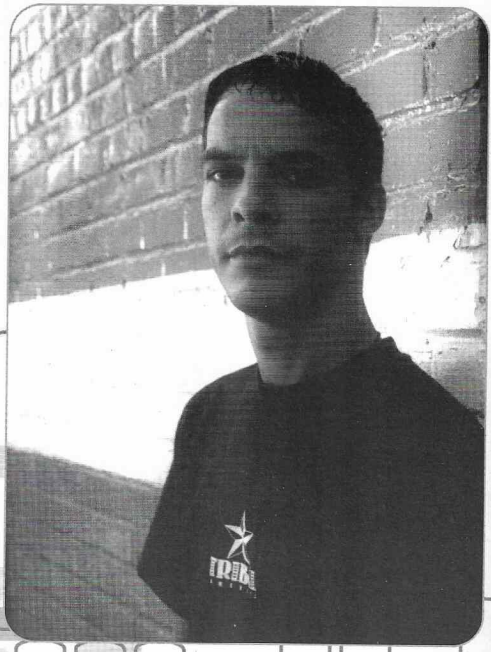
-Here s the break down: swing n flute, spacey strings, and a six minute conga intro from the get go. Weather it s hard beats or a or jazzy numbers, David Morales always comes through with something.

"Same Thing in Reverse"
Boy George — *Virgin*

-Unfortunately, this single is just as bad in reverse. But it does take the award for the Best Remix Titles with 303 is Big Enough for Me , Country Queen , Brick in My Hand Bag , and the all imposing KY Classic Dub .

DJ Vibe

DJ Vibe Serves Up The Underground Sound of Lisbon.



For quite good reason, cities like New York, Chicago, Detroit, and London get the most props given their status as epicenters for club music. Quietly, though, Lisbon, Portugal has popped up on the map, thanks to having some great clubs and scenesters who like to party. In recent months, word has spread throughout Europe about Lisbon, and clubheads from all over have been steadily flocking there for some fun in the sun, as well as hours of nocturnal enjoyment.

Fairly isolated from most of the politics and prescribed hierarchies which govern most scenes nowadays, Lisbon is a tiny oasis where mixmasters work with a bit more freedom and less restraints as their peers must deal within other locales. At the helm of the Lisbon movement is a visionary mixer named DJ Vibe, who co-runs the blossoming Kaos Records imprint and spins his special brand of house music weekly at Kremlin (sorta the Portuguese version of the Sound Factory Bar) and on his weekly mix show on Antenna 3 FM, where he also talks and conducts periodic interviews.

Though Vibe is renown for his impeccable skills behind the 1200s, his growing international reputation has been helped along courtesy of his pumping, exotic tracks such as the brilliant Underground Sound of Lisbon's "So Get Up", which have made their way Stateside via 12-inch singles and compilations on Tribal Records.

"I've been around music ever since I was very young," explains Vibe, sitting on a couch in the back room of Tribal's Broadway-based headquarters in Manhattan. As he lights up a cigarette, he appears remarkably calm, cool, and collected, despite the fact that Tribal bigwig Rob DiStefano had to use some heavy political clout to get him into the States after being stranded after a gig (thanks to U.S. customs officials) in Canada a few days prior.

"My father owned a record store," he continues, "and I used to listen to all sorts of different music. There was also music from all over the world, and I was fascinated by all of these interesting sounds from all of these different artists."

With an array of music running through Vibe's mind, his journey into DJing was an extension of that passion. "When I first started going out to buy records, it was difficult to find a lot of the newer records," says Vibe. "Some of the British releases were easier to find, but I found myself liking really soulful, deep house. When I play on the radio or at Kremlin, that's what I'll select. I especially like the New York sound, which is so rich and warm."

On the production front, perhaps Vibe's biggest release to date is Underground Sound of Lisbon's "So Get Up," which has received updates by the likes of Danny Tenaglia and Kingsize. So where did that crafty intro sample "So get up/Forget the past...." come from? Vibe laughs and lights another cigarette. "No, that actually wasn't a sample," he smiles. "That was a friend of ours who just spoke into the microphone for us and the whole thing wasn't prepared at all. It definitely helped make that track different."

If you notice the credits of the Tribal Total Kaos compilation or the DJ Vibe-mixed Kaos: Totally Mixed (which was mixed on three turntables), you'll notice that DJ Vibe often works with mixing partner Doctor J, and that Doctor J works with Luis Leite on the L.L. Project. Essentially, this cross-pollinating of ideas keeps Lisbon's music fresh and the scene closely-knit.

"I think you could say that our scene is close," says Vibe, who is preparing to move Kaos' office to a bigger house, where he plans to build a new recording studio, "but that's because everybody knows each other, and it's good to collaborate for many of us for one reason or another. There's a small house following which is faithful, but what we do is still very underground music for where we live. Techno seems to be growing also here, but we're sticking to what we do, and I don't see myself drifting away from my goals."

story by DARREN RESSLER
photograph by MATTHEW SALACUSE

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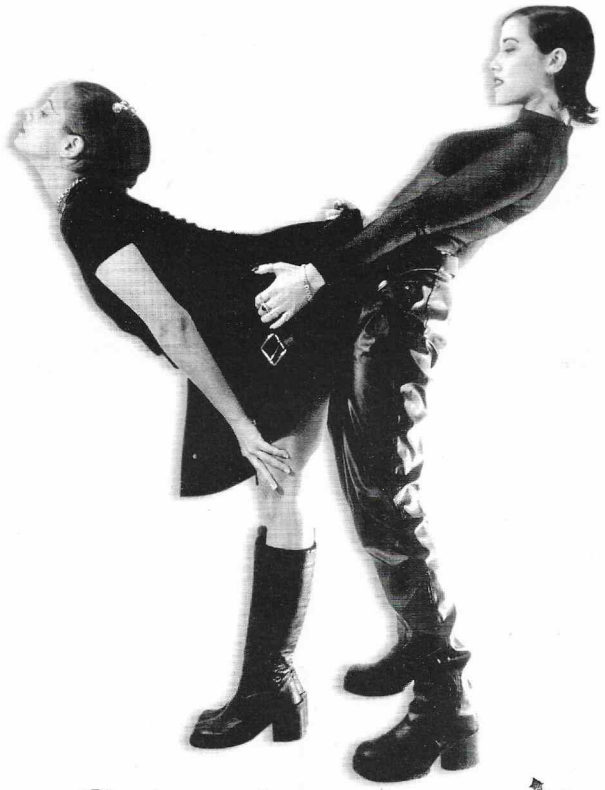

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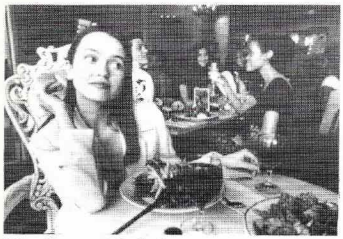
Non-Stop New York

The Greenwich Cafe is more than a restaurant: it's another excuse for New Yorkers to linger over a meal, 24 hours a day

By Bonnie Halper



The Greenwich Cafe
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I'm suspicious of eponymously named restaurants. Is it so named for lack of imagination, or is it a simple matter of a natural fit? With the Greenwich Cafe at 75 Greenwich Avenue, it's definitely the latter. In fact, open 24 hours and now serving liquor so they can put that marvelously sprawling wave-shaped copper bar to appropriate use, this is no temporary waystation for migratory trendoids. This is a village institution in the making. With its patinaed ceilings and exposed brick met by walls dragged in warm, pale beiges and lavendars, you could easily be in Paris, Florence - or the heart of the Village. The management went to great lengths to create a cafe ambiance in a rather large space. What they have created is a cosmic magnet that draws all: international accent mingle with the patois of medical professionals from St. Vincent's across the street. The East Village and the after-work set savor their burgers and beers and crisp fried calamari alongside NYU students and downtown types, some en famillie, and couples of every age, description and combination. The Greenwich Cafe is a place where all are made to feel comfortable and all humanity is evidenced, down to the mandatory supermodels in the corner.

Chandeliers of every description cast marvelous diffuse light over well-spaced unmatching marble tables collected from around the world. Large, interesting mirrors are purposely mismatched as well, along with the plush velvet window seats that look like they've been borroved from someone's grandmother's Brighton Beach apartment.

Given that, don't expect the waitstaff to be in uniform: this a come-as-you-please and wear what you like atmosphere. Don't be surprised if one or two or all play to the music, and vice versa. They've been known to have live jazz on Wednesday nights bringing a different swing and sway to the mix. But throughout the day and evening, classical or jazz may give way to house music or a livelier disco set and the room rises to the mood.

You don't have to come to the Greenwich Cafe to eat, but the chef will feed you well. Warm goat cheese topped with minced walnuts and fresh herbs sits on crisp rounds circling a hill of fresh mesclun with a perfectly balanced balsamic vinaigrette. The portobello mushrooms are fire-roasted to perfection over a salad of mixed greens and tomatoes. The Mediterranean antipasto appetizer with prosciutto, shrimp, calamari, fresh mozzarella, and grilled tomato is outstanding.

For those of us not easily swayed by public opinion, steak (Black Angus), Filet Mignon (red wine shallots bourdolaise served with roasted potatoes) dishes are excellent and reasonably priced, as is the fish. Sesame-crusted salmon is delicious and sushi-grade. Grilled brook trout with corn tomatillo sauce is served with ripe plaintains and sings with flavor.

The Mediterranean vegetable plate and vegetable cous-cous are mosaics, perfectly assembled at the hand of a master. Here's a place where even vegetarians fear not to tread.

By dessert time, we were on a first-name basis with our waiter, Eric, a natural bottle platinum blond ("not all desserts are listed on the menu, dahlings", he warns, giving us the full list and an honest discourse on his favorites. The tiramissù is excellent but I must warn you it disappears quickly. I managed to snatch one of the last three servings. This was perfection at the end of the meal. The chocolate caramel mousse cake looked tempting, and Eric did his best to steer us toward the house specials - Chocolate Hom Terrine, Passion Fruit Rollande and Fresh Fruit Tart, all which are made exclusively for the Greenwich Ca

Dinner, which had started at 8:00, lasted three hours (n fault of the wait - or kitchen staffs, both of whom were prompt), but the Greenwich Cafe is a place to linger, and visit any time. The tariffs aren't too steep (entrees from to $18) and there's something for everyone. Any hou Breakfasts are a classic, and weekend brunches Ne Yorker's excuses for the dinner social scene staged a fe hours earlier. Lunches indoors or out (excellent peop watching) are a bit more low-key, but the food is st first-rate. Late night is a constant flow, especially as t neighboring clubs and bars close, and the party migrates the Greenwich Cafe, where the coffee is always go (there's an entire menu dedicated exclusively to lusci coffees and desserts), the music never stops, and the st always makes you feel like you were personally invite

It's nice to find a place where you don't need a time reason to come. At the Greenwich Cafe, the door is alwa open and the management seems to enjoy being on a fir name basis with the clientele. Luckily, it's large enough accomodate all, and waiting is an opportunity for goo spectating or more, depending on your mood. The nam makes the Greenwich Cafe easy enough to find, and it's t kind of inviting spot you search out in a 24-hour town li New York, New York.

LifeStory

words by Mike Weiss
images by Jav Michalski

THE WHITE ZOMBIE AWAKENS

Matt Gurner kept his eyes closed, even though he was awake. He was lying on the corner of Lafayette and 4th street in downtown Manhattan, where he had slept all night. He'd been awoken a few moments ago by the sensation of something crawling up his leg, and he was too frightened to open his eyes and see whatever it was, although he had a good idea. Now he could feel a small pointy object on his stomach, and in a reflex motion he jumped up with his eyes wide open and ran away. When he was halfway down the block, he turned back and saw a large, puppy-size rat sniffling around where he had just been. Matt's insides convulsed, and he began to regurgitate, leaning his head up against one of the large windows that buttressed the Tower Records store that dominated this block. It had been at least a full day since he had eaten, however, so all he could come up with was dry heaves. Once his body had settled down, Matt pulled himself together. Now, however, he became aware of his body odor, and he almost had another regurgitation experience. More than anything else, he knew he needed a shower and some breakfast. He reached into his pocket, and found that his wallet was missing. He looked at his watch, and saw that it was 7:30. There were some people walking up Lafayette, most of them on their way to jobs. Matt noticed one middle-aged looking woman walking toward him. She reminded him of his mother.

"Excuse me, Miss, could you spare some change. I'm from Long Island, and I need some money to take a train home." The woman walked quickly past him. He then spotted two guys, both of whom looked to be just a few years older than him, both with book bags on their backs.

"Yo guys, could you spare a quarter for the train," he said.

"Sorry dude," responded one, "I need every quarter I got." "Shit man," said Matt, true desperation entering his voice. "I'm in bad fucking shape. Can't you help me out." The two continued on their way. Matt began to take notice of the severe hunger he was experiencing. In addition, his bladder felt like it was going to explode, as he had to pee really badly. He bent over in pain, at which point a Latin kid dropped a few pennies on the floor in front of him. Matt looked up, and the Latin kid gave him a thumbs up sign as he walked away. Matt responded by giving him the finger, which the kid laughed at.

Matt began to feel dizzy, and thought he was going to faint. Just at that moment, a taxi screeched to a halt right next to him. An exotic looking Asian girl wearing a long blue fake fur coat and tall white plastic boots jumped out of the cab looked right at Matt. He turned around, thinking she must be looking for someone else. But just then she grabbed his arm and lead him back to the cab.

"What's this," Matt shouted, resisting her efforts to pull him into the cab. "What do you want?"

"C'mon. Someone named Sudan is looking for you. He's at the Four Seasons Hotel. He wants you to meet him there."

"Well, it's about fucking time. I've been out here waiting for him the whole night." They were now sitting in the cab."I mean, shit. Do you know what it's like to sleep on the sidewalk?"

"Hey don't pull any attitude on me," the girl shouted. "I don't know you. I mean, I don't even know this guy Sudan. I'm just doing a favor for my friend Orchid."

"Who the hell is Orchid?"

"Everyone knows Orchid. She works the door at Limelight. You know, blond, gorgeous."

"Oh, you mean that girl. I saw her last night. Wow, you mean that's who Sudan is with. That's incredible." Matt's anger at Sudan subsided as he was now filled with awe that Sudan had spent the night with that cool door girl. The cab pulled up the Four Seasons Hotel. Matt waited for the Asian girl to get out first, as she was sitting curbside, but she just sat there, staring at him with disgust.

"What are you doing?" she asked, even more attitude in her voice than before. "Why don't you get out?"

"I'm waiting for you. Aren't you getting out too?"

"Hell no. I'm only doing this cause Orchid called me a half hour ago begging me to do her this favor. And if you ask me, the guy she was with last night sounds like a total creep. And if you're a friend of his, I don't want to know you, so if you don't mind, please get out of the cab cause you're making the whole car smell really horrible."

Matt had no energy to argue and he was too intimidated by this girl to talk back to this girl anyway. He exited the cab, and darted into the luxurious, mid-town Manhattan hotel.

INTRODUCTION TO CUTTING 101

Debsy leaned against the bike rack in the back of school. It was a spot that traditionally served as the place for kids to hang out while cutting classes. It was only the first day of school, and already she and her best friend Arcadia were cutting. Debsy took a final drag on her cigarette, then passed it to Arcadia. The two were dressed similarly, both wearing the loose fitting jeans and tight baby tees that categorized them in their school as ravers, as opposed to the japs, jocks, dreads, and nerds that filled the other social groups at Mayhemlock High School.

"It's just seems different this year," Debsy said. "Like the whole school is filled with losers."

"I don't think it's that bad. I mean c'mon, last year we were freshmen and everything was brand new. We thought everything was cool. Now it's like we know about everything, so it's no big deal. I say we try to do better in classes. At least I know I have to, or my parents are gonna keep yelling at me that I'll never get into a good college. My father especially is being a big pain about the whole thing," answered Arcadia.

"Arcadia, I can't believe this is you talking. You never cared about what your father said. What's gotten into you. I thought we decided we might not even go to college anyway."

"Debsy, get real. I know I said that, but I didn't mean it. And you know that. We always had these discussions when we were high. Debsy, ever since that rave last week, you've been acting funny. I mean, I understand that you got laid and all by some superstar DJ, but it's not like the whole world has changed just because that happened."

"That is so untrue!" Suddenly Debsy found Arcadia very annoying. And she really wished that they had not coordinated their outfits. "Look you're probably just pissed off over the way those two guys on the basketball team were staring at you in homeroom," Arcadia said, looking at her watch.

"Yeah, I can't believe that asshole Brad. It's not like we slept together or anything. I mean, he barely had his hand under my shirt when the park security guys found us by the swimming pool."

"You know the way guys are. He probably told all his friends that you two had major sex."

"That's alright. I can spread rumors too. Maybe I'll tell Stacy Taylor that Brad gave me some kind of sex disease. Supposedly there were going out all summer. And also she's on the cheerleading squad. So all season the cheerleaders will talk about it." Debsy's mood brightened considerably as she saw Loopy, Matt Gurner's raver friend, approaching. She realized that maybe Arcadia was right. Something about that whole night really had made a difference in her life. Maybe it was taking a full tab of e; maybe it was hearing such great music; maybe it washanging out with a city club girl like Ursula; and maybe it was the escapade with the incredibly cool DJ Ludwig.

Whatever the reason, just seeing Loopy, who had worked the door at Suparavathon, made her feel better. As he approached, Arcadia gave Debsy a look of disdain.

"Eeuuwww," Arcadia said. "I can't believe you know that guy. He's like a major drug dealer."

"No way, He's really cool." Debsy was certain at that moment that Arcadia was not going to be her best friend for much longer. She was getting way too annoying.

"Hey how're you doing Debsy?" said Loopy. With his baggy jeans, Fresh Jive shirt, and long messy hair hanging over his forehead, he looked to be someone who could roll with either the raver or the druggy-dread crowd. Everyone in school, though, knew he was Matt Gurner's main promoter.

"Oh well, as good as can be expected on the first day of school. Hey, so when is Matt's next event," Debsy asked, the first real smile of her day brightening her face.

"Shit, I don't even know. In fact, I don't even know where Matt is. Nobody has seen him since Suparavathon. And you know he's in deep shit, because none of the security guys got paid. All those guys are on the football team, and if they see him, they're gonna kick his ass if he doesn't cough up their loot. Plus, now Matt's dickhead police chief dad is ona serious mission to find out who's doing the parties. You know the clean-up fee that the city had to pay for Suparavathon was like $5,000. The whole football field was totally gutted."

"Wow, I had no idea his father is the Chief of Police," she responded. "What do you think would happen to Matt if he ever finds out?" She noticed that Arcadia was making signals behind Loopy's back that they should go back into school, but Debsy totally ignored her.

"I don't know, but Ziggy and I were going to drive into the city tonight to find him. I have a pretty decent idea where he's at. He always had this dream to promote clubs in the city, and the only place we ever really talked about was Limelight. So I figured he might be there."

"I'll have to let you know. I don't know if I can go into the city on a Monday night. My parents wouldn't be exactly thrilled."

"Okay, well you know where to find me. I'll be behind the public library later, smoking weed and hanging out. If you want to come, just meet us there at about 10:00."

WHO'S AFRAID OF LARA SCHMIT

Lara woke up with a start. For a moment, with her eyes still closed, she thought she was still back in that smelly, cold, noisy jail cell. But then she felt the soft warm sheets that covered her, and she opened her eyes to the magnificent suite she and Ludwig were staying in at the Royalton Hotel. Softly lifting her watch from the bed table, she saw that it was 8:00 a.m. Time to wake up and continue on her path of vengeance against Ludwig, who had cheated on her with Mailena from Alienation Records. She began to gently touch him, working to arouse him. Watching his face closely, she saw him wake up with a big smile. Just when he opened his eyes, and moved to kiss her, she quickly moved away and lifted herself out of bed.

"C'mon Ludwig. Time to wake up," Lara said, speaking to Ludwig in their native German and enjoying the look of severe disappointment on his face.

"What are we waking up so early for? We have nothing to do this morning. You know I cannot wake up so early."

"What do you mean we have nothing to do. In the first place, we have to figure out a way to get out of this country. I am supposed to report back to the court in 10 days. Once I go back, they are not going to let me out again. They'll probably send me to jail for 10 years. Now we need to raise some money, and we need to find a way out of this country. So that's why we have to get up."

"Lara, you are making all these decisions so quickly. Don'tworry. I will call my record label in Germany. I'm sure they have contacts here that can help you." Lara quickly walked back to the bed and spoke directly into Ludwig's face.

"Oh, so you think your record label in Germany is going to be happy to hear from you. Ludwig," she yelled, shaking his shoulders. "Don't you realize what happened yesterday? Not only is the American police going to be after me, but what about Alienation Records! I know you probably think you and Mailena have a special relationship," she continued, adding sarcasm to the word relationship," but I don't think that is going to go for much now. I ripped up a contract you foolishly signed with her, and now her company is going to want to get back the $150,000 she gave you to bail me out. How do you think your label is going to react to that news?"

"Like I said before," Ludwig answered, his voice maintaining its even, serene tone. "I will take care of everything. I will deal with the police, and I will deal with Mailena."

"Oh yes, sorry I forgot," Lara said, walking toward the bathroom sink, where she commenced washing her face. "You know just what to do to her to make her calm down." For the first time, Ludwig realized that they were in serious trouble. He had never seen Lara like this. He himself did not feel any real anxiety, as he always felt that someone was looking over him in life, and that no matter what happened, everything would turn out okay. He just felt a little uncertainty over what exactly would happen to them over the next few days.

"Lara I think the first thing we should do is get some money. I'll call my bank rep, and he'll wire us money right away." She walked out of the bathroom, water dripping from her face.

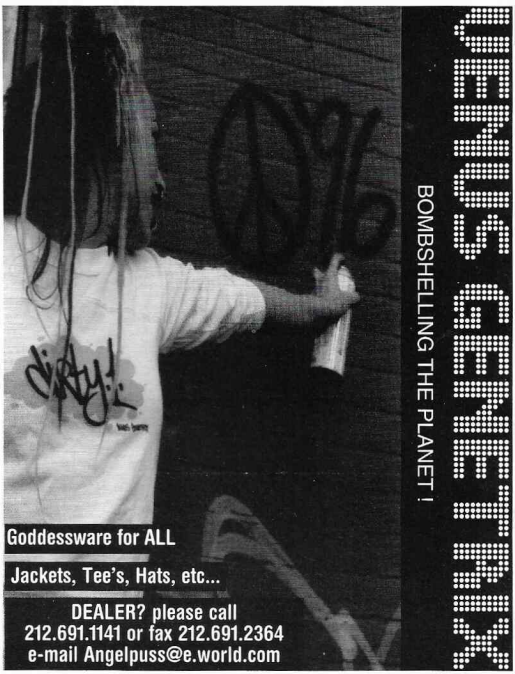
"No Ludwig, I don't want us to use our own money. We wouldn't be in this problem if we hadn't come to New York in the first place. So let's make New York pay us the money we need."

"And how do expect to do that?" he asked. Any minute he would escape this annoying line of conversation by putting his massive, custom made headphones and listening to one of his sets on his portable DAT player.

"How else you fool! By throwing a rave. I still have the number of the kid who brought us in, Matt Gurner. At his Suparavathon, you were working for him. Well this time, he's gonna work for us."

SUDAN'S INFERNO

Sudan heard the timid knock on the door, and knew immediately that it was Matt Gurner. He ignored it, and waited to see how long it would take for Matt to knock again. In the meantime, he looked straight ahead at the exotic blond named Orchid who was tied up on his bed in his Four Seasons suite, a thin pair of white socks being the only item of clothing still on her almost unconscious, drugged body after of a night torture. She looked at the door through her half closed eyes, obviously hoping that whoever was there would offer her somelevel of help. When Sudan didn't move, she leaned back on the bed, and stared at him. Sudan liked guessing what she was thinking as she sat there looking so cute. Did she think that it was over, now that he had ordered room service? Did she think that he was going to combine the food with their next sexual episode. Or did she, could she



imagine the kind of mortal pain he was considering inflicting on her body later.

"How're doing, honey?" he said, smiling. It was the first words either had said to each other in a couple hours. He liked the way his words seemed to pierce through the silence. Kind of the way knives would pierce her skin.

"Oh I'm doing fine," she responded, her voice hoarse from lack of sleep.

"But you know, my wrists are getting a little sore, so I'd like you to untie me now. I have class this morning, and I need to get ready to go." He realized now that she was definitely much younger than he had first thought when he saw lording over the crowd at Limelight. But that was okay. The younger they were, the more they could handle the mental and physical pressure.

He had first met her earlier in the night, when he and Matt had entered Limelight. After they had disrupted the DJ asking questions about the clubowner, and had been chased out by the security, Sudan had taken Matt and Ursula to a sleazy strip bar called Billy's Topless that was around the corner from Limelight. They had proceeded to drink vodka shots for about an hour, during which time he inspired them with stories of throwing parties for 5,000 kids at $25 a ticket. After an hour, Matt and Ursula were ready to pass out. Ursula went back to the club, while Sudan sent a reluctant Matt to the corner of Lafayette and Fourth Street, telling him that Sudan would meet him there in a half hour. Meanwhile, Sudan went back to Limelight to induce Orchid to come to his hotel with promises of high grade cocaine and exquisite free samples of dresses from an alleged LA designer that Sudan worked for. He didn't want to lose Matt, but knew that this lame, lost raver would wait on the designated corner the whole night.

"Okay then, Orchid," Sudan said as he broke from his revelry. He walked to the bed, leaned over and ran his tongue from her mid-section up to her neck in a wet, slobbering lick, and proceeded to untie her.

"You can go now, I'm done," lifting his hands as if lifting a gate. Sudan walked to the door and opened it to find an exhausted, dirty looking Matt.

"Wow Matt what happened to you last night?"

"What do you mean? You told me to wait on Lafayette ..." he stopped speaking as soon as he saw the naked Orchid, who was still lying on the bed while rubbing her wrists.

"Come now Matt, let the poor girl have some privacy. She's had a difficult night. Right Orchid?" She lazily looked over at Sudan, noticed the young kid beside him whose tongue literally was hanging out of his mouth, and she had to smile.

Sudan guided Matt through a door to the sitting room of his suite. "Well Matt, we have work to do. We need to start planning for our big event. Now what was the name of the DJ you mentioned before."

"Oh yeah, he's from Germany. DJ Ludwig."

"That's right. Do you know how to reach him?"

"Well I just have a number in Germany." Just then Matt felt his beeper vibrating in his pocket. He looked at it and saw an unfamiliar number.

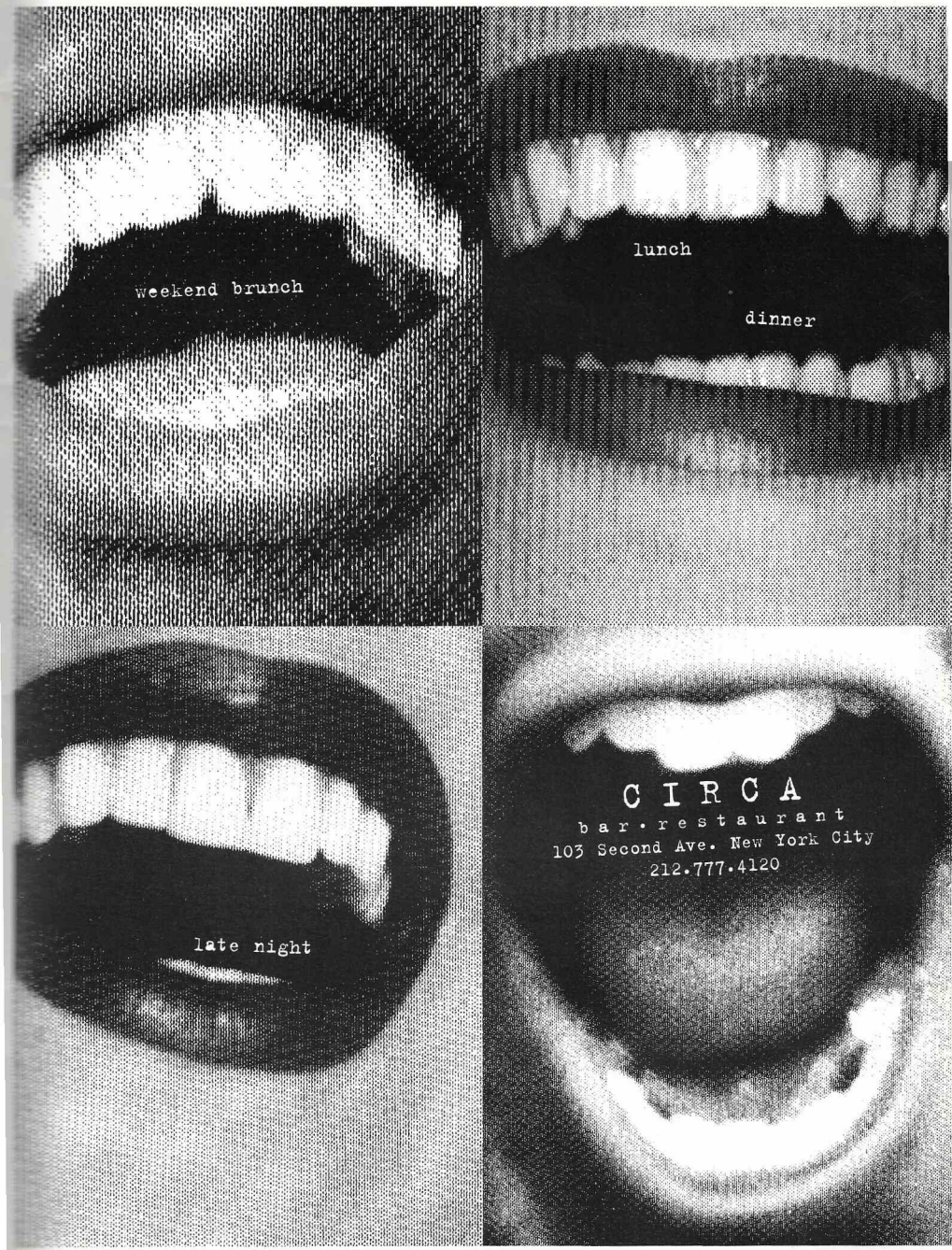
"It's early for me to be getting beeped. I should probably call this number back." There was a phone on the table in front of him. He dialed the number.

"Royalton Hotel. How may I help you," the operator said.

"I just got beeped by this number."

"Oh yes, that would be room 715, DJ Ludwig." Unconsciously a smile came to Matt's face. Sudan saw his smile, and smiled back. He patted Matt's head.

"You see, Matt. Already we're bringing each other good luck." Through his haze of fatigue and hunger, Matt waited as the operator rang room 715. He was happy, as he felt a great adventure was beginning. At the same time, he couldn't help but feeling frightened.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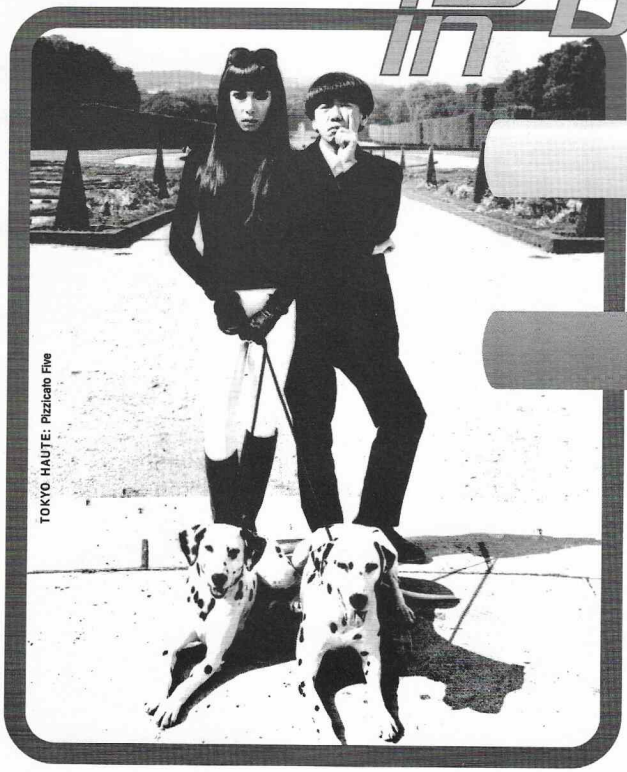


TOKYO HAUTE: Pizzicato Five

Absurdity is a precious ingredient for life in New York. With all the hysteria, drama, language barriers, chaos, traffic, stress, and noise that swirls like a permanent cyclone over this city, something has to function as a safety valve to release the pent-up nasties. Luckily, two bands that can charm away your scowls and put smiles on your faces, have devised perfect antidotes for urban angst with their new albums. While New York-based Cibo Matto and Tokyo-based Pizzicato Five both own samplers and both love the same kinds of music, they've produced albums that are striking different in tone.

Isn't it funny how certain bands appear from nowhere, pop up in the press, and bounce off the lips of the fearlessly fabulous overnight? A current object of this band-hype is Cibo Matto, a two-woman ensemble from the East Village that has managed to capture a growing public's attention with an endearing gimmick involving food. By cleverly basing their lyrics on food and eating, Cibo Matto has pushed many food-obsessed downtowners' primal buttons. Gimmicks aside, the novelty of Cibo Matto's sound has more to do with the band's punk background (they were both members of the short-lived punk band Laitoh Leichee) and creative approach to sampling.

Cibo Matto consists of two members, 24 year old Miho Hatori and Yuka Honda, who's "a little older." They both hail from Japan and have lived in New York for two and eight years respectively. Miho loves New York because "you can eat food from around the world here." (That's her best reason for moving here.) New York's status as the center of the culinary world has inspired most of Cibo Matto's new album Viva La Woman, due in January. Many of the album's themes also address issues like love and other emotions, while some of them are much simpler pleasures. For example, it's no problem at all for Cibo Matto fans to immerse themselves in the flavor of the track "White Pepper Ice Cream"; simply go to the Thai/French restaurant Vong at 200 E. 54th St. and order dessert. (Do stop by an ATM for a quick withdrawal if you plan on having dinner; it runs about $35/person without drinks.)

A lower-priced urban experience is the bizarre rap with a religious cult-like chant "Know Your Chicken", which recounts a trip to Brooklyn and an encounter with Easter-egg dyed chicks. Miho explains, "I learned this expression from some Italian friends. Conosci il tuo pollo translates into 'know your chicken' but it really means 'know your shit' and I thought it was a cool expression." It's these kinds of lyrics that give Cibo Matto's songs their quirky, bordering on absurd, quality - the essence of life in New York!

Viva La Woman is aural tutti-frutti that combines Yuka's sampling keyboard, which ranges from guitar riffs to Brazilian pop to minimalist piano chords, with Miho's multilingual singing, rapping, and torch-song crooning. The result is an arty, yet grungy low-fi sound that might have been recorded in someone's basement studio. Amazingly, neither Miho nor Yuka have

Photograph of Cibo Matto by JOHN MARC SORUM
Make-up for Cibo Matto by DEBORAH GRAYSON
Photograph of Pizzicato Five by GEN INABA

English

By ERNIE GLAM

much musical background. They just got off their butts and did it! This rawness, with lots of creativity added, really works for the band and saves this record from sounding pretentious like Dead Can Dance or The Cocteau Twins. Cibo Matto's overall effect is eccentric and very cool, so it's no wonder that Miho and Yuka are becoming downtown darlings. It doesn't hurt that they're cute too!

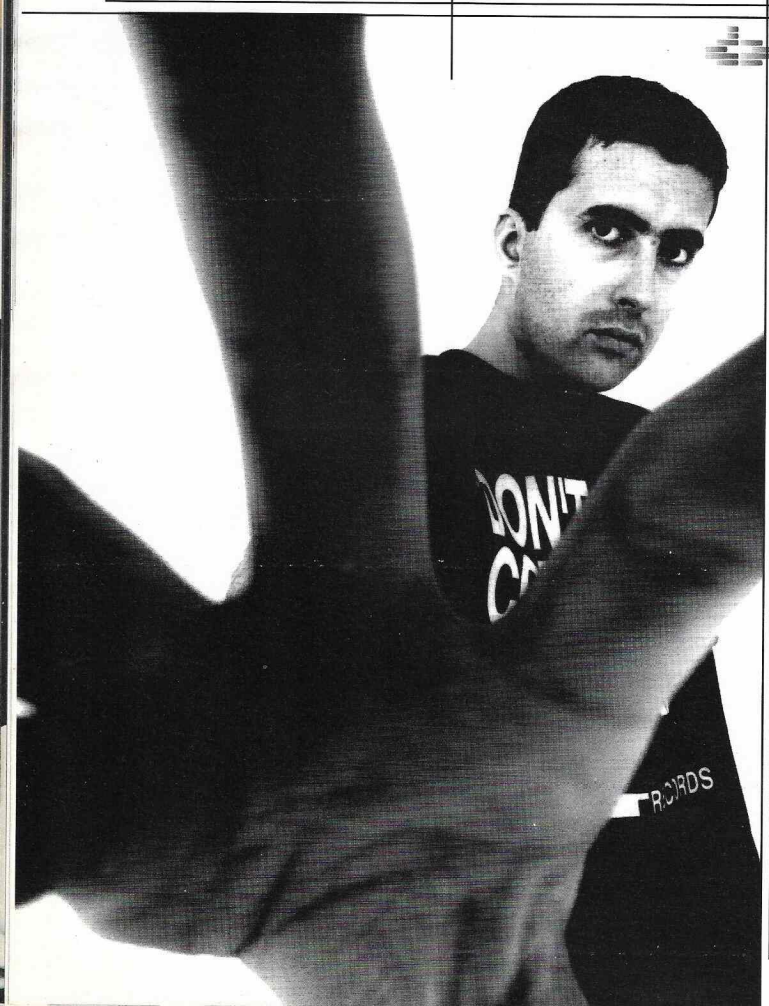
Japan's Pizzicato Five comes from an entirely different background. This duo currently consists of Maki Nomiya, the singer, songwriter, and all-around fashion plate, and Yasuharu Konishi, the band's musician, conceptualist, artist, and founding member. Pizzicato Five has refined its trademark sound in the Shibuya district of Tokyo since 1985. The band really took off when Maki joined the group because she was the woman for whom Yasuharu always wrote. Their current album, The Sound of Music by Pizzicato Five, has too many influences to mention. Although it's a veritable Pop kitchen sink, predominant moods include French bimbo Brigit Bardot singing styles and 1960's Italian movie soundtracks, with lots of contemporary dance music beats. Ultimately, this group is pure bubble gum pop, with all the silly-willy trimmings. Slickly produced and styled, these supertrendies are the fashion opposites of Cibo Matto's usual East Village-distressed esthetic. Whereas Cibo Matto's song titles and lyrics are cleverly absurd, Pizzicato Five's titles and lyrics are typically humorous Japanese misappropriations of English. (Perhaps Cibo Matto speaks better English?) Tunes like "Groovy is my Name" and "Sophisticated Catchy" set Pizzicato Five's frequent Do-You-Know-the-Way-to-San-Jose tone. At least half of every song is in Japanese, though that's not a drawback if the Japanese lyrics are as senseless as the English ones. This doesn't mean that there aren't any meaningful songs on this record. "If I Were a Groupie" not only captures the foolish nature of groupies, it's also a catchy dance tune, and it's grammatically correct!

JAPAN EAST VILLAGE STYLE: Cibo Matto

Most of the songs on this record straddle a high-energy bubble gum border between kooky fluff and annoying cuteness, with some songs distinctly falling into the latter category, including "Happy Sad", the soundtrack single from Unzipped , the documentary about the New York fashion designer Isaac Mizrahi. Less annoying is the video for "Happy Sad", which seems to be about a Japanese club kid who hijacks a fashion show. If all this makes Pizzicato Five sound like an utter joke, they are. And like all good club kids, they've always been the first to admit it. As club kids often do, Pizzicato Five has taken all their favorite influences, mixed them together, and concocted an outlandish sonic wardrobe. This record will definitely appeal to all the wacky, camp-loving Project-Xers who wake up early on Saturday mornings (or more likely stay up from the night before) to watch cartoons. Those of you who think you're too old for cartoons, stay away from this record.

So, which wonderful world of wacky will work for you? It depends on your disposition. If you're a hysterically manic fashion plate who happily throws on a Walkman to go rollerblading in last night's drag and glitter, Pizzicato Five is more your cup of Jolt. The more casual, introspective types who like to find meaning in their music while savoring a Corona in a dark and smoky café are better off with Cibo Matto. Just don't listen too seriously, because Miho warns, "I'm a pretty funny person."

My forte is Tec



Dave Clark

interviewed by
DARREN RESSLER

There's some misinformation which seems to be spreading about English techno sensation Dave Clarke, so we're here to set the record straight once and for all. You see, on the basis of his triumphant "Red" trilogy, many erroneously believe that Clarke's only musical talents lie in toying with techno's gurgling blips and bleeps. Hopefully, Clarke's deConstruction debut, Archive One, forcefully dispels that myth given his penchant for utilizing hip-hop beats and various other strains of dance floor music.

But before we go on, Dave, could you tell us your story, please? "Well, I've been through the mill, man," asserts this resident of Manchester, noting that he's in love with as many musical styles as the number of day jobs he's worked. "When I was out in New York recently, I was there chasing Method Man and Ol' Dirty Bastard twelve-inches! I'm into hip-hop and electro, and that's how I started acquiring vinyl. I was also into punk, and I worked at a classical record shop. Although my forte is techno, I'd like to think that I'm just into good music."

In sharp contrast to many techno albums, Clarke varied the tempos and opted not to have the music stagnate into one particular vibe on Archive One. As one of Europe's top

DJs, who has bookings well into the future, he knows what works in the clubs better than anyone. Knowing that, he crafted his singles to blow speakers in the clubs, while his album's material was directed more for home listening.

"There are a lot of techno albums which come out and die because all of the tracks have the same bpm and it becomes monotonous," Clarke says, "there are some exceptions, like Joey Beltram's new album on Tresor, and so is Jeff Mills and Robert Hood's latest albums. But, on the whole, you can't really view these releases as albums; they're more like two fuckin' great double-12s with eight great tracks. I really wanted to create something that you can listen to at home."

Now that he's issued the third installment of his "Red" series, the pressure is off in more ways than one. Given the span of time in between the three individual parts, a multitude of copycats quickly copped Clark's style, which led him to rethink his album in a grand way. "I haven't had any pressure from deConstruction, and because everyone ripped off the sounds I did on 'Red', I couldn't do a whole album based upon those sounds," he points out. "I had to rethink what I was going to do, and all of the tracks just came across naturally. I listen to Iggy Pop and to The Damned, and I think that the album kinda came across the way that I listen to music at home."

Beyond the pressure of equaling the success of "Red", Clarke's next problem in sculpting Archive One was finding the time to record it given his weekly DJing jaunts all over the world. "I originally set out a block of time at the beginning of the year, but that unfortunately didn't work out because my sampler blew up and in the end I had to balance recording with my DJing schedule." Though Clarke delivered his full-length six months past his original deadline, he's still happy with the results, and is thankful that he wasn't pushed to complete it. "It was very difficult trying to fit recording into flying every weekend, and sometimes I wasn't that disciplined, because a lot of time I just wanted to play Nintendo and chill out."

When I was out in New York recently, I was there chasing Method Man and Ol' Dirty Bastard twelve-inches! I'm into hip-hop and electro, and that's how I started acquiring vinyl.

With gigs regularly taking him from Manchester to Munich and beyond almost every weekend, it's no wonder that Dave Clarke mischievously says that "Europe is his residency." Though he chides about his constant traveling, he takes his work behind the decks extremely seriously, and constantly pushes himself to get better.

"This is hard work, and I appreciate that I get paid to do what I like," asserts Clarke, whose forthcoming projects include the release of his coveted Peel Session and mixes for Alan Oldham's Generator Records in Detroit. Future plans? "I just really wanna drive really fuckin' fast and maybe get into racing. I've taken a few courses on it, but you have to find the time, because it's like DJing, and you have to be completely dedicated. You just can't drop in and drop out of it when you want, and you've got to give it your all. All I know is that I'm going to trot until I drop, and 25 hours in a day isn't enough time to accomplish my goals."

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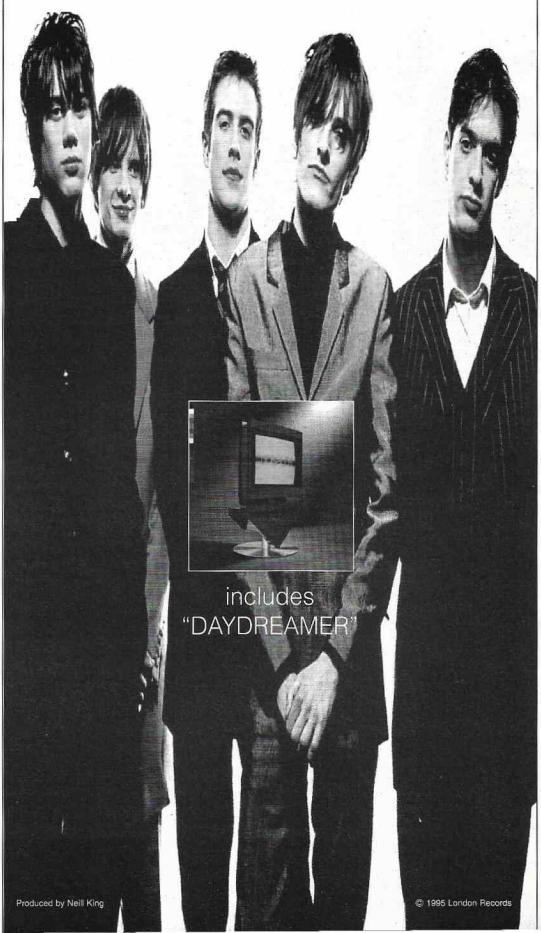

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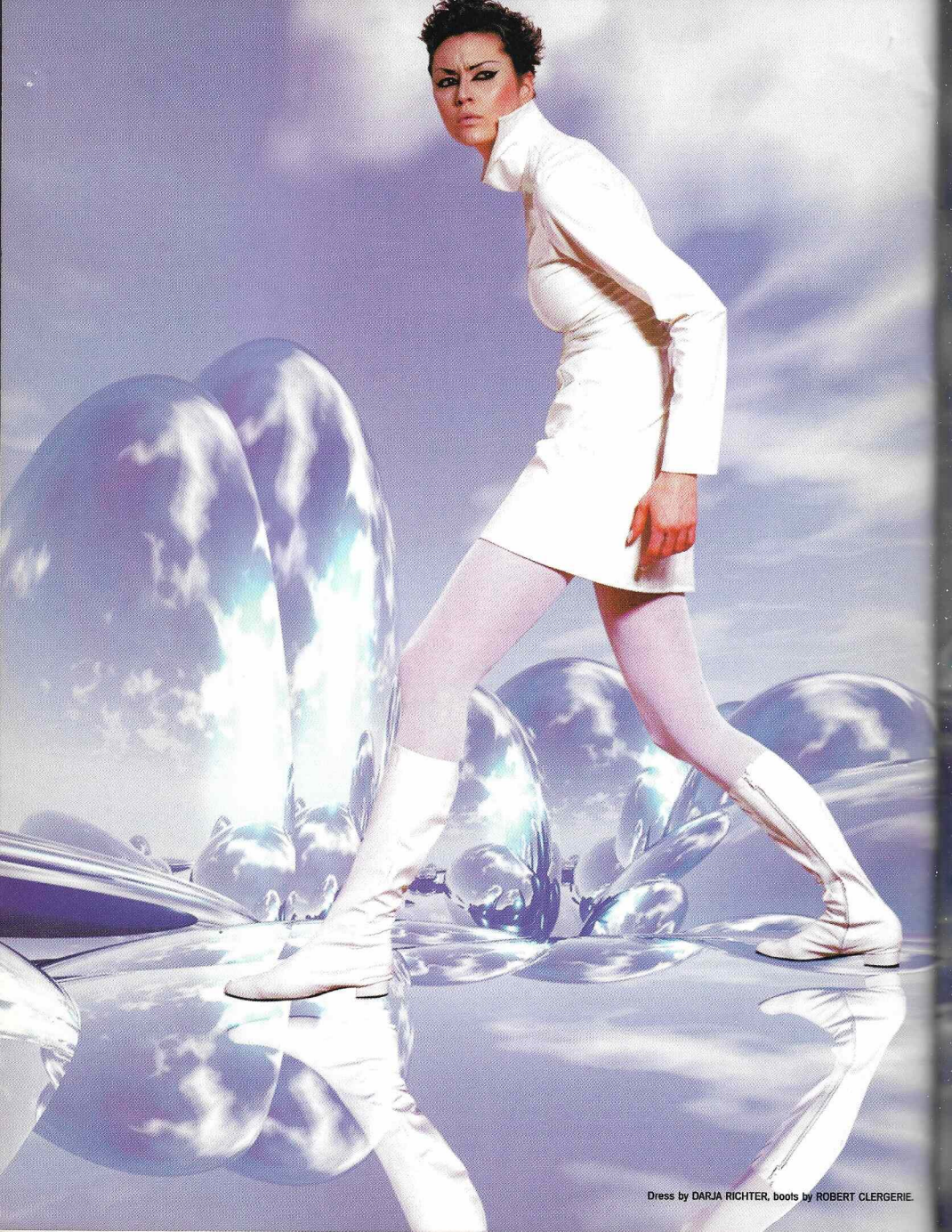

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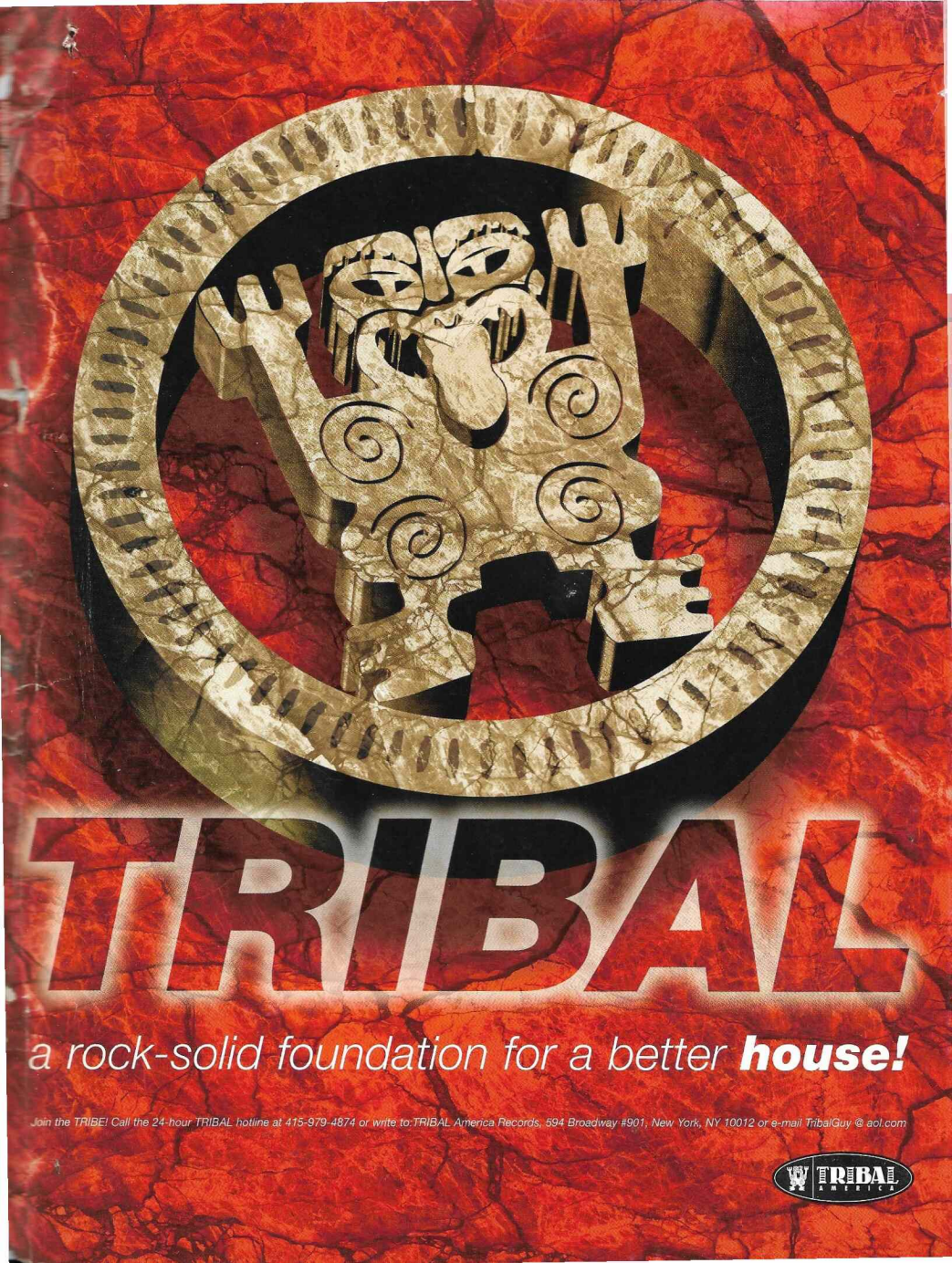
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